

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR APRIL, 1815.

CONTENTS.

SELECT REVIEWS.		To —, singing,	344
Leadbeater on the Irish Peasantry,	265	Tranquillity,	345
Remarks on Corpulence,	280		
ORIGINAL.		DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.	
Biographical Notice of Major Murray,	287	The Fine Arts—Boston Latin Classics	
————— of Major General Brown,	292	—Proposed histories of the late War	
Review of the Life of General Eaton,	299	—Linnæan Society of New-England	
		—Earle's edition of Campbell's poems—Johnson's Reports and Digest,	347—349
SPIRIT OF FOREIGN MAGAZINES, &c.		FOREIGN LITERATURE.	
Thompson and Cowper compared,	321	Kopp on Spontaneous Combustion,	350
Character of Burke,	330	THE NAVY.	
————— Grattan,	342	Proceedings of the Court of Inquiry on	
————— Canning,	343	the loss of the President,	351
Street Conversation,	343	On the conduct of Captain Elliott,	352
POETRY.			
Ballad,	344		

Cottage Dialogues among the Irish Peasantry. By Mary Leadbeater. With Notes and a Preface, by Maria Edgeworth, author of Castle Rackrent, &c.

[From the British Review.]

ONE of our oldest statistical writers gives the following compendious but expressive description of the Irish. They are, says he, "Gens in omnes affectus vehementissima; quorum malis nusquam preiores, et bonis meliores vix reperiatis." (A nation always in extremes; you will hardly find any thing worse than their bad men, or better than their good ones.) Now, nothing can be more dangerous than these superlative degrees of character. Considering the constitution of poor human nature, it is easy to see which extreme will predominate, unless the utmost care and attention are bestowed to give the vehement tempers a right direction. But as the reverse of this has unfortunately

been the lot of Ireland for some centuries, as a melancholy course of neglect for ages, (to use no stronger term,) has, till within these few years, obscured her glorious destinies, we cannot be surprised at the pictures which successive writers, who have had opportunities of judging from personal observation, have drawn of her degraded state.

In 1566 a countryman and contemporary gives the following account of the Irish of his time. He describes them as warlike, patient of fatigue and hunger, but preferring indolence and liberty to every thing else; ignorant, credulous, and superstitious in the highest degree, remarkably fond of music, feasting, and merriment. He particularly notices a class of men, very numerous at that time, who travelled over the country at night for the purpose of committing robberies, whose depredations were attended with cruelty, and whose occupation was not considered dishonourable. Whenever they set out on an expedition, they prayed to God that they might be successful in obtaining plunder; and when obtained, they considered it as a gift from him.

Another Irish writer, in 1584, states that something like the feudal system existed there at that time; that they were constantly harassed by the number of quarrels in which they were engaged; that robberies were committed every night; the laws were extremely defective, and ill executed; the people very fond of whiskey, extraordinarily hospitable, good-natured and generous, their credulity great, and their reverence toward the priests extreme.

Two centuries afterwards, although in the interval mankind in other parts of Europe had made more rapid strides than were ever witnessed in arts, civilization, and commerce, the situation of the Irish peasantry was found but little improved. A countryman and eye witness thus describes their state as he found it in 1780—90. At this period a considerable degree of improvement indeed had taken place in the cultivation and the manufactures of many parts of Ireland; but no corresponding amelioration had reached the peasantry. In no part of Ireland were the people so vitious as in those counties which were supposed to have been most civilized, in places which abounded with land speculators, rich graziers, and tithe jobbers; for no pains having been taken to improve the moral condition of the people, they retained all the vices of their more barbarous state, but had lost its simplicity, and had engrafted the depravity of civilization on the ferocity of savage life. The Irish legislature, until the octennial bill, which passed about this time, scarcely attended at all to the state of their peasantry. No community of interests, nor reciprocity of benefits, no kind of confidence or goodwill existed between them. "To legislate *for* the dregs of the people, to

render palatable the measures adopted *against* them,"—to endeavour to convince them that such measures were intended for their real benefit, was a condescension to which the parliament of Ireland, (where seats were held for life,) seldom stooped. It has been the policy of every wise government to improve the condition of the mass of the people, that they might have an interest in the defence and preservation of the state. A principle directly the contrary always prevailed in Ireland; and the effects which it produced can easily be traced to the cause.

Much of the old system of manners still continued in 1780—90, particularly in the interior and mountainous parts of the country. At a wedding feast they would sing and listen to the most plaintive ditties, and if they had drunk any whiskey would whine and weep over some woful story: but at a *wake* (i. e. an assemblage of men and women round the corpse of a deceased neighbour,) although they went for the avowed purpose of weeping over the dead body; yet in the very room where it was laid out they would spend the night in boisterous mirth, coarse jests, and all kinds of sports and gambols that were calculated to excite laughter; with intervals of five or six minutes every hour of a dreadful howl under pretence of joining in a general lamentation. Whenever whiskey was introduced into any of their meetings, intoxications and quarrels were the inevitable consequence. They were credulous in the highest degree, believed that old women could charm all the butter out of the milk of a neighbouring cow, and add it to their own; bought as sacred relics, possessed of great virtue, bits of old wood, &c. which itinerant mendicants carried about. They were implicitly obedient to their priests both in matters civil and religious, and placed no less implicit faith in every thing they said, however absurd and monstrous. In taking an oath, they considered it sacred if taken on a piece of iron. They knew nothing of the bible, and were equally unacquainted with the principles of moral rectitude. Their moral character, therefore, of course, depended upon the circumstances under which they lived. In some places, simple, harmless, generous, and benevolent; in others, selfish and depraved:—but being universally ignorant, they were consequently universally indolent. Such was their state described between the years 1780 and 1790.

In order to bring the account down to the present time, we shall make a short extract or two from a work written about four years ago by an Irish gentleman, whose style, no less than his matter, proves his perfect acquaintance with the writings of Tacitus.

"The peasantry of Ireland are generally not exclusively of the Roman Catholic religion, but utterly and disgracefully ignorant. Of four millions, the probable population, one million, perhaps, can write and read; of this million three fourths are protestant and pro-

testant dissenters; there remains a solid mass of dangerous and obstinate ignorance; the laws of God they take on trust; those of the land on guess, and despise or insult both. In agricultural pursuits they are neither active nor expert. It is often more easy to induce them to take arms, for their country or against it, than to cultivate the earth, and wait upon the seasons. Fighting is a pastime which they seldom assemble without enjoying; not, indeed, with iron weapons, but with clubs, which they always carry, and frequently and skilfully use. When not driven by necessity to labour, they willingly consume whole days in sloth, or as willingly employ them in riot. Strange diversity of nature! to love indolence, and hate quiet; to be reduced to slavery, but not yet to obedience."

For ourselves, however, we cannot but exult in this diversity. If they were quiet and obedient slaves, they would probably continue for as many more centuries in their present degraded state. But, providentially for them, their impetuosity is a little inconvenient, and as every method but their moral improvement has been ineffectually tried to restrain it, it is probable that England will at length be *constrained to do her duty*. But to return to our author.

"The peasant thinks not of independence, dreams not of property, unless in dreams of insurrection. His wishes have no scope; he is habituated to derive from his land and his labour only his daily potato. Whoever assembles the Irish, disturbs them; disturbance soon coalesces with treason; and the suicide avarice that drives the peasantry to combine, precipitates them to rebel."

Yet, notwithstanding these accounts, we are persuaded that the vices of the people do not lie on their own shoulders;—destructive as they are, they spring out of passions that might have been the source of so many virtues. Why the current took a contrary direction it is not our present intention to inquire. Too much has already been written in that strain, and time and talents wasted in mutual recrimination, as to the cause, which, had it been employed in mutual emulation to find a remedy, would long since have cured the evil. Like the couple, who when the house was on fire, disputed so long as to the cause, that it was burnt to the ground before they had *leisure* to run for the engines.

Lamenting, then, as we have long done, the deplorable state of a country whose people we love, and the fertility and apt disposition of whose territory we have long contemplated with admiration and hope, it was not merely with pleasure, it was with perfect delight, that we perused the entertaining little work now before us, of the merits of which we purpose to give our readers some account, though we fear, necessarily, a very imperfect one. It is the joint production of two Irish ladies, one of whom deservedly stands high in favour with the English public, and we

are persuaded that it will not be diminished by the part which she has taken in the present publication. The body of the work consists of fifty-four short dialogues, between two couples of Irish peasants, and exhibits their adventures, habits, and "*manner of being*," more naturally, and, as Miss Edgeworth assures us, more *to the life* than any studied narrative could accomplish. She also warrants Mrs. Leadbeater's Dialogue to be a literal transcript of the language of the Irish peasantry; and of the tamer part of them perhaps it may. But Miss Edgeworth's friendly solicitude for the credit of her protégée must excuse us for thinking, that there is a raciness about the short extracts of Hibernian dialogue to be found in her notes, which sounds more national to an English ear. The dialogues are evidently written with the philanthropic view of raising the tone of manners and morals, and of diffusing a taste for the comforts of life, and for the honest mode of acquiring them, among the lower orders of the Irish. They are probably intended to be printed in a cheap edition, and distributed among the people. But we are grateful to Miss Edgeworth for presenting them to a wider and a more exalted circle; we thank her for attaching her Preface and Notes, like the wings of Dædalus, to a body that would otherwise have been confined to its native soil; and for directing its flight hither, to excite the benevolence, and improve the best feelings, of our English gentry, and of the *absentees* from her own country. But let not our readers suppose that this is a mere book of instruction. They had better not take it up, unless their risible muscles are in very good order for exercise.

The story is short. Rose and Nancy are two Irish peasant girls—the one active, cleanly, frugal, sober, industrious, and sensible:—the other good-humoured, thoughtless, frolicsome, and indolent. Rose never so happy as when picking potatoes for her father, leading the horse and car to draw them to the potato hole, or sitting down to teach Kitty to work;—Nancy, disdaining to be such a *black slave* as to *demean* herself by such *botheration*, thinks it the greatest blessing of life to be dressed in "a white cambric muslin gown, and to match that, a white dimity petticoat, white cotton stockings, Spanish leather shoes, and a plush bonnet, and to go to a fair, a dance, or a wake, with Harry Delogher. This, however, was after she got into service, and after she had left her first place in a respectable family under a quiet, sober, regular mistress, to go into a showy, irregular house, where, to be sure, she had high wages and *tea constantly*, but where she was much less happy and comfortable. Her mistress was probably always disposed to indulge her in such requests as the following: "Ma'am, my *shister's* husband's dead, and I'd be glad if you'd be *plased* to let me go to the wake to-night;" or "Ma'am, it's Ciceley Gallagher's wake to-night, that was a great

neighbour of my mother's, and if you'd be *plased* to give me leave, I'd be sorry not to be *in it*." (P. 276.) Our readers recollect what a wake was described to be in a preceding page. But, as Rose says, five guineas a year will go a short way, indeed, toward all this finery, and so she being now a considerate servant, is content with a good calico gown for Sundays, worsted stockings for winter, and dark cotton for summer, common leather shoes, and three *shifts* at the least. This we presume to be the ordinary wardrobe of a decent Irish housemaid, and compared with that represented in preceding authors, and quoted by Miss Edgeworth in her notes, indicates one very great improvement in the arts of life. Now, with these qualifications, our readers will not be surprised to find that Nancy had the *luck* to take a *notion* one day that she would go and be married to Tim Cassidy, "a clean, honest boy, able to earn good bread for her." But as these serious affairs are not settled quite so much by *luck* and *notions* in our country, we must have recourse to Miss Edgeworth's notes for an explanation. Of *luck* she says,

"When Tim and Nancy are going to be married they justify their precipitation by saying, '*Sure we don't know what luck is before us!*' and afterward one of them exclaims, '*I wish it had been our luck to have had more 'cuteness in time.*' This belief and trust in *luck*, never quits the Irish, from the cradle to the grave, and is the cause of many of their vices, and some of their virtues. If a poor man's crop fail in a bad season, or if his cattle die, he tells you, '*Sure there's no use in fretting; it was my luck to have no luck at all, the year.*' And if the same misfortunes happened in consequence of his neglecting to buy good seed, or of his having overworked his horses, still he would attribute it all to *his luck*. It serves them as a satisfactory excuse for all their faults and follies. 'How comes it,' says a landlord to his tenant, 'that you did not apply to me in proper time to renew your lease? now you have double fines to pay, as a penalty for omitting to renew.'

" 'True for me,' replies the careless tenant; 'but I never had the luck to think of it at the right minute.'

" 'How has your lawsuit with O'Brannagan ended?'

" 'O! *plase* your honour, he cast me; I never had any luck at all at law.'

" 'Then I wonder you are so fond of going to law.'

" 'Sure, there's not a man in the kingdom hates law more than myself, *plase* your honour; but its always my luck to be *in law*:' (an Irishman says *in law*, as another man would say *in love*.)

" 'Were you not in gaol some time ago?'

" 'I was, *plase* your honour; it was my *luck* to be put in for no fault of my own, at all; but just happening to be in bad company, that swore away my life behind my back. But I had the luck to have the best lawyer in Ireland, who made out an alibi for me to the satisfaction of the *jidge*, who gave it in charge to the jury to bring in a *vardict* for me, entirely. So I got off, and was let out, and if I

have *any luck* I'll never get *in* again, or put it in the power of any man to belie me, let alone hanging me.' "

The use of the word notion is thus exemplified :

" ' I took a notion I'd buy a pig.' ' The notion came across me that I would make a bit of buttered toast for his *could*, and it cured him.' ' Then she took a notion, one day, she'd go and be married to Bartly Mac Doole, and there was no help for it.' Often concerning the most important event of their lives, the lower Irish can" (or rather will) "give no other account of the remote or the proximate motive of their actions than, *that the notion took them one day, and there was no help for it.*" P. 285.

We think these traits, both with respect to *luck* and *notions*, peculiarly characteristic of the thoughtlessness of the Irish character, joined to the slyness rendered in many cases necessary by the oppression in which they live. The French have a synonymous expression when they do not choose to give their true reason; "*c'est plus fort que moi.*" Both the Gallicism and Hibernicism are merely thin covers for doing what one likes at the moment, under the plea of necessity. We think that we have also heard a synonyme sometimes from the most amiable part of society in England. Very singular things for the health are sometimes found *remarkably to agree with them*, i. e. we suppose, if properly translated, to be *agreeable* to them. We beg a thousand pardons for this observation, and are persuaded, that the expedient is altogether to be ascribed to the unreasonable oppression exercised by the least amiable portion of the community, by the *brutes* of human nature. Before Nancy's marriage, we are favoured with Tim Cassidy's *notions* of matrimonial comfort, in a conversation he held upon that momentous subject, with Jemmy Whelan, Rose's lover.

Tim being resolved to make an imprudent match, endeavours, like the fox in the fable, to draw his neighbour Jem into the same scrape :

" *Tim.* Why what more do you want than a cabin and a potato garden? and those you can get from Mr. Nesbit for four guineas a year; and the grazing of a cow for four guineas more.

" *Jem.* Do you mean one of the cabins on the hill that have no chimney? I would not live in one of them if I got it for nothing! What! would you advise me to marry to smoke-dry my wife?

" *Tim.* As good as you have lived and died in a cabin without a chimney.

" *Jem.* That may be; but I will never take a house without one. But suppose I had the cabin, must not I have some little articles of furniture to put into it?

" *Tim.* Furniture! Dear me! Furniture! what I suppose you

got these dainty notions when you went to see your uncle last year near Coleraine; those people in the north are plaguy nice.

"*Jem.* Just as nice, and no more, as I am myself; if you call it nicety to wish for a bedstead to raise one up from the floor, a straw bed in coarse sacking, and a warm pair of blankets.

"*Tim.* A man and his wife may be very comfortable on the floor, by the side of the fire. A few stones will keep in the straw, as well as the sacking; and as to blankets, sure one will do along with the big coat about one's feet.

"*Jem.* Why sure, Tim, you can't be in earnest; if I bought a sick sow at the fair, I might bring her home to such a place; but my wife I would wish to show more respect to.

"*Tim.* But if your wife be satisfied, what need you bother yourself about the matter?

"*Jem.* The girl I intend to marry would not be satisfied; nor would I wish that she should. She could neither be a fit companion for myself, nor a useful mother for my children.

"*Tim.* What, I suppose she must have a dresser to put her crockery ware on?

"*Jem.* Yes; and a chest for our clothes, and a cupboard, and some chairs, and a table; in short, every thing necessary for a family that don't wish to live like the savages.

"*Tim.* And how do the savages live?

"*Jem.* Why in a mud hovel without a chimney. The parents and children all pig together on the same wisp. The father goes out to look for food, and when the mother prepares it, they all fall to and tear it with their fingers, and devour it. In the evening they smoke, and afterwards——

"*Tim.* Arrah, is it joking you are? Do you think to pass this on me for *the savages*? Why that's the very way they live in the county my father came from; and I hope you don't call them savages?

"*Jem.* I call every one a savage, wherever they live, who act like savages, not troubling their heads about providing properly for their families. Sure that's the difference between what they call civilized and savage life." P. 73.

Notwithstanding all Jem's philosophy, however, Nancy and Tim "went off in a frolick together and married;" hoping, as Nancy says, that "We will do very well, as there's no more loving boy than Tim; and it will be all one a hundred years hence; and now I have one to work for me, I won't make a slave of myself any more." With such prospects and resolutions the cabin menage could not be expected to have been a very happy one. Nancy grew lazy and dirty, and Tim a little sulky; Tim did not like to see Nancy flaunting about in her fine clothes with Peggy Donoghue, and to find, "when he thought to sit down to his supper," that his fire was out, and his potatoes unboiled. But he said nothing till Peggy was gone; "then he told Nancy a bit of his mind; but she was on her high horse and *aggravated* him; so he *beat* her, sure enough." Nancy, too, had more misfortunes, as will appear from the following brief dialogue:

"Nancy. Rose, will you lend me one of your caps for a day or two? See what a rag the *nasty pig* has made of mine! and I've never another but one that's torn down the middle, and not fit to put on my head.

"Rose. I will not refuse you, Nancy; but pray take care of my cap, and mend your own as soon as you can. How could the pig contrive to get at it?

"Nancy. My big pot does not boil our potatoes, and feed the pig in, and heat the water to wash, and wash in after; now I went a little way down the road without fastening the door, and left my little clothes in the pot, where I had just washed them; and sure enough the pig went into the cabin as usual; and because the pot stood in the same place it does when she comes to feed in it, and the water was grown cold, she pops in her ugly nose; and though I was just coming back into the cabin, she found time to tear my poor cap as you see, and three handkerchiefs, and all poor Tim's cravats." P. 135.

Lest this little incident should appear incredulous to the English, Miss Edgeworth vouches in a note for its entire consonance with Irish habits. "Last winter a pig of the editor's acquaintance devoured or destroyed the entire wardrobe of a poor woman, who had left her clothes in a tub at the mercy of the swinish multitude." "A gentleman who had floored a room with boards for one of his tenants, found the pig one day in the sole possession of this room. Upon asking why the pig was allowed to have the best apartment in the house, he was answered, "*Because, please your honour, it has every convaniency a pig could want.*" P. 310.

Tim and Nancy contrived to rub on together for a few years longer; they lay "very snug in the chimney corner in winter; in summer that was too hot, and they lay *in the room*; but the straw grew damp and fusty, and Tim *threatened to get a bedstead for themselves and another for the children.*" It ended in a threat, however, for no bedstead was got—Tim never had the luck to find that he had money to spare for such a *notion*.

At last poor Nancy's troubles came very thick upon her; she would not inoculate her son Pat with the vaccine, that she "might not give her own Christian child the disorder of a beast." The consequence was, that he died of the small pox taken in the natural way, and "she could do nothing for thinking of her little darling. She thought she saw his little curly head and red cheeks every hour of the day." But Rose, nevertheless, could hardly make her pull the *hat* out of the broken pane to give her husband a little air in the same disorder, for old Katty told her to keep him warm, and to give him a little liquor to keep the pock from his heart.

But Tim struggled through this illness only to meet with more misfortunes:—for Nancy took to *the pipe* to console herself for the loss of little Pat, and would sit hour after hour smoking in the ashes, and afterwards went to *char* at Mr. Nesbit's; (i. e. to do all the work the squire's servants were hired to do, and which they paid her with their master's goods for performing;—) all this made Tim's home very uncomfortable; and he went to the sign of the Big Tree to talk over politics and secrets with Vester Toole, Bill Dunn, and other United Irishmen. But Jem cured him of this by telling him, "how the poor people were deceived in the rebellion with fine talking, and lost their lives and all that they had." "They thought they were doing great feats, when they were just made a cat's paw of by those who did not care a straw what became of them after." To cut the story short, Nancy, by always having her lighted pipe in her mouth, and by often getting fuddled, became rather of the nature of a combustible; and one day going into Squire Nesbit's turf-house, instead of one of the servants, set fire to it with a coal from her pipe, and it was burnt, with all its fine stables, to the ground. Tim exerted himself so much to put out the fire, that he was overheated, and caught a fever; and notwithstanding Dick Fahy the horse-doctor bled him, and Madge Doran gave him warm ale with liquor in it to raise his heart, and his room was so full of neighbours, who came to talk to him and *keep up his spirits*, that you could hardly turn round, (all which would certainly have cured him if *his time* (as old Katty said) had not been come,—) Poor Tim died, sure enough; and what could his poor broken-hearted widow do with a cabin full of fatherless children? but just take a little drop to keep life in her, and make her for^{get} her trouble? In short, Nancy ruined her health by whiskey, and soon followed Tim to the grave.

Her character cannot be better summed up than in the warning which Rose drew from her friend's fate, for the use of their own daughter Betty.

"Nancy was a fine, lively young girl, but her fault was idleness. She would not stay in a good service, because she had a good deal to do; then she got into another where she had a great deal more. She did not do as much as a poor woman *had a right** to do in her own cabin, and she worked harder as a char-woman than she need do at home. She did not exert herself under her troubles, but

* Miss Edgeworth informs us, that in Ireland *right* and *reason* are often used as synonymous terms, as for example: "A good right the boy has to be sick, for he never spared himself early or late, any way." "The house had a good right to come down, was it not a hundred years old?" "That stool had a *right* to know me, for I made it every inch." "That saw had a right to be a good one, for I paid a great price, and twice as much as ever it was worth, any how."

looked for comfort to what was not comfort. She took to tobacco when she lost her little boy, and to whiskey when she lost her husband. Her indolence in not getting him inoculated caused the child's death; by her smoking she set Mr. Nesbit's place on fire; his overworking himself to put it out, was the means of her husband's death; and drinking whiskey brought herself to the grave. And now, Betty, I don't rip up those things to make little of poor Nancy, but to show you how much it stands every young girl upon to get into the way of working, to look more to pleasing her friends than to pleasing herself, &c. &c.—" P. 266.

Nancy and Tim are evidently intended by our author as the true representatives of the Irish peasantry, by whose fate they are to take warning. Rose is the splendid exception by the example of whose more imaginary standard of excellence they are instructed to profit. Nothing can well be more interesting than the detail of the history of Rose and Jem, and we strongly recommend its perusal to our readers in the original work; but as we have a practical inference or two to draw from the actual state of the Irish peasantry, as it is here exhibited, we shall content ourselves with a brief sketch of their adventures, merely resting upon those points which are necessary to complete the picture of manners which we wish to lay before our readers.

Rose and Jem did not marry till they had something *to the fore* (i. e. beforehand.) And they did not wait long; for Jem was "mighty industrious entirely," and on his guard against spending; and as Rose "had a liking for Jem all along, she still thought of making a little provision for housekeeping, and bought wool and had it spun, and wove for blankets, and *more times* she bought flax, and got linen made," so they began the world well. She always kept her cottage neat and clean, brought up her children in the fear of God, and the love of one another, and by her admirable prudence and good temper, entirely cured her husband of those propensities, which, by all accounts, are the most difficult to eradicate from the Irish disposition, viz. a love for drinking and fighting. We recommend the following recipe to ladies in all ranks of life:

"Tim. Sure you are no drunkard Jem!

"Jem. I hope not; yet what else can I be called after what has happened? I am something given that way, and if I had not such a wife I might be bad enough.

"Tim. I suppose Rose *advises* you a great deal.

"Jem. No, she never said much to me about my misbehaviour, at the worst of times; but when I came home she was always sure to be in the way, to look pleasantly, to have the cabin floor clean, and the ashes swept up; and to have my bit laid out so neat and

so comfortable, that I liked home better than any other place." P. 123.

In this manner she cured him of drinking; and it was only the same principle, differently modified, that was applied to fighting.

"Tim. Oh, Jem! I was sorry I was not at the fair to back you. Was your head much cut? But next fair I suppose you will be even with Bill Dugan.

"Jem. Oh, no, Tim, I have done! I would not go through all I did since Saturday again, for my hat full of guineas.

"Tim. Why, was your head so bad?

"Jem. I did not care about my head; only I frightened my poor woman so when I came in all bloody.

"Tim. And did she scold you?

"Jem. No, Rose never scolds. She cried though: and I knew it was not for my head only, but that I should make a blackguard of myself; but she never said 'Jem, why did you do that?' Had not I the greatest luck in the world not to do as that unfortunate Dennis Broghall did?

"Tim. How was that? I don't know about it?

"Jem. Denny was a great fellow at fairs, and very bullying and overbearing, especially when in liquor, and no one dared to stand before him. But poor Phil. Dogherty would not be crow'd over by him; and about as silly a thing as our potatoes, they fell out at the fair, and set to fighting; and Denny hit Phil. on the head with his unlucky *shillala*, and it is a folly to talk, he killed Phil. stone dead. Phil.'s people went to a justice, and Denny was taken up, put into jail, and tried for his life.

"Tim. Did he get off? Sure it was not murder.

"Jem. Indeed but it was brought in murder, for there was a quarrel before; and poor Denny was hanged. The poor creature expected his life to the very last, and when he found it was all over, why then the stout-hectoring buick, that did not care a chew of tobacco for any one, was so cut down at once, that he could not stand to have the halter put on his neck. Indeed, some thought he died before he was turned off. And now that unfortunate boy had no notion of killing Phil. when he struck him that unlucky blow. But oh! the drink! the drink!

Miss Edgeworth informs us, that the morning after fair day, in an Irish country town, the neighbouring magistrate has a crowded levee, thrusting themselves into his honour's *prisence* to get justice. "*Plase* your honour see this cut on my head; it is what I was last night kilt and murdered by Terrence M'Grath there."

"Plase your honour I never lifted my hand against him, good

or bad at all, at all, as all the witnesses here will prove for me on oath, so they will." "Plase your honour if you'll just take my examinations *again* him."

We shall close our extracts with a very touching dialogue which seems to have been the favourite passage of the fair annotator; and truly we think that heart must either be a very faulty alembic, or must distil blood of a more black and glutinous nature than common, which does not separate and send up to the eyes a clear drop or two on perusing the passage. Let us contemplate the sober, sensitive, and religious Rose, who, by patience, self-denial, and affectionate attention, had reformed her husband, brought up her children in virtuous habits, in love and duty to their parents, and in affection to each other, who by her own industry and economy had raised around her a comfortable little property, which she hoped to see enjoyed and improved by her children, and then let us view her reaping the fair reward of her virtuous exertions, in the manner most delightful to such a mother's heart.

DIALOGUE XLI.

Spinning Match.

"*Rose.* Welcome, my dear Betty. I see by what you have brought with you, that you have won the premium for spinning at Belmour Hall, and I am as rejoiced as you can be for your life. I wish your father was come in!

"*Betty.* Oh! mother, how I'm obliged to you! and Tommy, I'm obliged to you for carrying the wheel home for me. I hope I'll spin you a shirt on it.

"*Tommy.* I don't doubt your goodness, Betty, and I am sorry ever I vexed you. If I could carry twenty wheels it would not be enough for what you do for me.

"*Rose.* Oh! that's better than all the rest to see my children love one another! Now, Betty, let us hear all about the spinning match.

"*Betty.* I'm sure it was a fine sight to see twenty wheels settled in the lawn in a half-round, all going at once. Mrs. Belmour herself came out, and walked round by the spinners, and spoke to every one there, so free and so pleasant; and, Oh! how beautiful she looked, when she stood by Cicely Brennan, who is so lame of one hand, that she was almost afraid to venture at all; till Mrs. Belmour told her, it was not who spun fastest, but who spun best, was to be looked to; and sure enough she got a premium. But when we had spun two hours, and laid our spools on the table, oh, how our hearts beat! I know mine did, when Mrs. Belmour called us up; and I could not tell you how her fine black eyes danced in her head: and the tears stood in them for all that; and she smiled so sweetly, and looked as if she was the happiest creature in the world.

"*Rose.* O Betty, I never wish to be rich, but when I see such ladies as her that can make so many people happy, and are so willing to do it.

"*Betty.* We stood before Mrs. Belmour while the judge examined the thread; and when she called me to her and gave me the wheel, and the cloak, and the cap, with her own hand, sure I did not know where I was standing, nor what I said! but I know she wished me joy, and bid me use my wheel well.

"*Rose.* Well, my dear Betty, I must wish you joy too, though I can't do it so genteelly as Mrs. Belmour.

"*Betty.* Oh! mother, honey, I think more of your *commendation* than the lady's itself, though she is so grand, and so beautiful, and so good; and it is you I am obliged to for my cloak, my wheel, and my cap. If you had not taught me to spin, and watched to make me spin an even thread, I might have come off with no premium, or have been ashamed to go at all."

We have now finished our extracts, and although we have not been able to quote, or even to allude to, the twentieth part of the entertaining passages in this interesting work, we trust that we have in some degree elucidated the benevolent intention of the authors. The evil has been set forth, and the antidote plainly pointed out. The bane, a lazy and ignorant peasantry; the antidote, good example, fostered and encouraged by the notice and protection of the higher orders.

But how does Ireland stand in these respects?

The Irish gentleman, to whose pamphlet we have before referred, states, that "The nobility and affluent gentry spend much or all of their fortunes or time in England; leaving their places to be filled *in the country* by hired agents; *in the city*, by a plebeian aristocracy: the former, solely engaged in increasing and collecting rents, can have little conciliatory power with the people; and the influence of the latter tends rather to increase than diminish the political danger."

"A great evil: not because the country is drained by remittances, but because she is widowed of her natural protectors. The loss is not of money, but manners; not of wealth, but of civilization and peace." The parochial clergy, so great a link in the chain of society in England, who alone are sufficient, when they do their duty, to preserve peace, order, and contentment among the lower orders, can fulfil no such office in Ireland. "Ireland is divided into 2,500 parishes, melted down into 1,200 benefices, on which there are about 1,000 churches. The 1,200 beneficed clergy of these 2,500 parishes, where are they? one-third of them are not resident—absentees from their duties, and mortmainers upon the land." "The law has never thoroughly mingled itself with Ireland; there lately were, perhaps still are, districts

impervious to the king's writs; castles fortified against the sheriff; and legal estates invaded by force of arms;* contumacies, not frequent indeed, but from which an inquirer will deduce, not unfairly, ordinary disrespect for the law. This in civil cases: in criminal, (how large a share of our jurisprudence,) witnesses not unfrequently suborned, intimidated, or murdered; juries subdued; felons acquitted: in common transactions, the administration by justices of the peace sometimes partial, generally despised and unsatisfactory." "The blame is not easily apportioned; much is in the pride and folly of the gentry; much in the native perverseness of the people; much in the indifference of the government; something in an indiscreet nomination of magistrates." The effect, however, is easily ascertained, and we refer to the following picture of servility, which we suppose cannot be exceeded in Poland or in Russia, as a specimen.

"As your honour plases." "Sure whatever your honour decrees me." "Its not for the like of us to be speaking to your honour's honour." "I'd let your honour walk over me, before I'd say a word, good or bad."—Edgeworth's Notes, p. 332.

Again:

"Plase your honour, I know it was not the tree that I cut, that turned your honour *again* me; tho' I beg your honour's pardon for that same, which I did, not knowing it was on your honour's land at all; for I thought it was on the mearing betwixt you and counselor Flannigan, that voted against your honour, else I would never have touched it, had I known it was your honour's; and this is what them that informed *again* me to your honour knew as well as myself and *better*. But plase your honour it was not the cutting that *donny* stick of a tree that set your honour *again* me, I am sure and *sinsible*, for it was what your honour was *tould*, concerning what I said about voting for your honour's *frind*, by one in the parish of Killospugbrone, that had a spite *again* me since last Holentide was two year, on account of a foal of mine, that he went and swore kicked his cousin's

* A gentleman of the name of O'Connor, descended from a monarch of Ireland, took it into his head that he had a better right to a certain estate than the real owner, whose title was as just and legal as that of the Duke of Bedford to the domain of Woburn. Possessed with this *notion*, Mr. O'Connor collected several hundred peasants, armed with muskets and pitchforks, placed himself at their head and actually took possession of the land in question; which he held until he was ejected by superior force. Yet no prosecution was ever carried on against him, or any of his followers, for this act of violence; and this proceeding was countenanced by many persons above the condition of peasants, who actually furnished O'Connor's adherents with provisions. If that expedition had succeeded, it was the intention of many others to have *recovered* estates in the same summary way. Our readers will of course conclude, we suppose, that all this happened a century or two ago. It is a fact well known to have happened in the county of Roscommon, in the year 1786; and the detail is to be found in the records of the Irish parliament.

mare, coming from the fair of Tubberscanavan; which, plase your honour, he did not kick no more than myself standing here *prisent*, plase your honour, did; but he, on account of that kick she got—

“She! Who?”

“The mare, plase your honour. He had a grudge *again* me.

“He! Who?”

“The man from the parish of Killospugbrone I was telling your honour of, that owned the mare that was kicked by the foal, plase your honour, coming from the fair of Tubberscanavan; and which was the whole reason entirely of his informing *again* me about that *switch* of a tree; and it was just that made him strive so to belie me behind my back, to turn your honour, that was my only *depindence*, *again* me. Bad luck to him! and all belonging to him for rogues, and thieves, and slanderers, as they are, saving your honour’s favour, and ever was, and will be; and all their breed, seed, and generation, and that’s no slander any how.”—P. 340.

This is precisely the sort of slave who, if the spring of oppression were suddenly unbent, or snapt in sunder by rebellion, would, without ceremony or compunction, riot in the blood of him, before whom he had been previously induced to cringe; and we, for ourselves, should much prefer the security to be derived from contented independence, which knows its rights, and will at all times fearlessly assert them in the face of power or oppression.

All this cries aloud for reformation; but it is evident that many more years than we can now afford of anarchy and turbulence to Ireland must necessarily, on the present system, pass over our heads, before the evil can be completely removed. Something however, and that very essential, we are persuaded, may be immediately done. We are pretty confident that an improved spirit might be infused, by judicious measures, into the resident gentry; into that numerous class, which, not rich enough to commence absentees, have in truth the principal local authority of the country in their hands.



Cursory Remarks on Corpulence. By a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

[From the Monthly Mirror.]

“*The whole Duty of Man*” recommends men “not to pinch their bellies, to go smart;” but it is in the sense there intended, and in another, too much practised. Not to be able to slip into a good-sized eel-skin is now to be out of the *fashion*—our belles

are straightened with steel plates to the great injury of their health, and our beaux wear stays till their bodies seem as little, and as lean, as their wits. These tricks, however, are the invention of folly and affectation; and though they may make the appearance, cannot produce the reality—a healthy body moderately loaded with flesh. The tract before us professes to show how this desirable object is to be obtained, and, had it touched on the fashions above mentioned, would certainly have deemed them no fit ingredients in the recipe proposed.

The author, who has written an entertaining and interesting pamphlet on Corpulence, and its cure, prefaces his remarks with this observation:

“As it is probable, that the following pages may chiefly attract the attention of those whose ‘em bon point’ appearance denotes good temper, no apology need be made for offering a few observations to their consideration.” P. 3.

We shall now afford our readers the advantage of some of the most important and amusing extracts.

“If the increase of wealth, and the refinement of modern times, have tended to banish plague and pestilence from our cities, they have probably introduced to us the whole train of nervous disorders, and increased the frequency of corpulence.

“Hollingshed, who lived in Queen Elizabeth’s reign, speaking of the increase of luxury in those days, notices ‘the multitude of chimneys lately erected; whereas, in the sound remembrance of some old men, there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns of the realm.’ How far corpulence has kept pace with the number of chimneys, I pretend not to determine; certain it is, that Hollingshed and his cotemporaries, furnish no account of the front of a house, or the windows, being taken away, to let out, to an untimely grave, some unfortunate victim, too ponderous to be brought down the staircase.

“The English nation has at all times been as famous for beef as her sons have been celebrated for bravery; and that they understood good living even in the earliest ages, we may learn from Cæsar, who, speaking of the diet of the Britons, says, ‘Lacte et carne vivunt.’

“It has been conjectured by some, that for one fat person in France or Spain, there are a hundred in England. I shall leave to others to determine the fairness of such a calculation.

“That we may, however, approach, or even exceed it, no one will doubt, who reflects on the increasing improvements in the art of grazing, and the condescension of some modern physicians, who have added the culinary department to the practice of physic. And it ought not to be omitted, amongst the great events of the present era, that the combined efforts of nature, produced in the jubilee year 1809, the

fattest ox and most corpulent man ever heard of in the history of the world.

"It is undoubtedly a singular circumstance, that a disease which had been thought characteristic of the inhabitants of this island, should have been so little attended to. Dr. Thomas Short, in 1727, published a Discourse on Corpulency; which, with a small pamphlet by Dr. Flemyng, and some occasional remarks in a few systematic works, will, I believe, be found to comprise all that has been said by the physicians of this country, on what Dr. Fothergill termed '*a most singular disease.*'"

"In answer to this we may be told that sufficient has been written for any man to be his own physician in this complaint, and that '*le régime maigre,*' and Dr. Radcliffe's advice, of keeping '*THE EYES OPEN, AND THE MOUTH SHUT,*' contains the whole secret of the cure." P. 5—8.

The omentum, situated in the front of the abdomen,

"Is generally known by the term caul, and is a conspicuous receptacle of fat in elderly people. In a healthy state it seldom weighs more than half a pound, but it has been found increased to many pounds. Boerhaave mentions a case of a man whose belly grew so large that he was obliged to have it supported by a sash; and had a piece of the table cut out to enable him to reach it with his hands. After death the omentum weighed thirty pounds." P. 13.

"A preternatural accumulation of fat in this part, cannot fail to impede the free exercise of the animal functions. Respiration is performed imperfectly, and with difficulty; and the power of taking exercise is almost lost; added to which, from the general pressure on the large blood vessels, the circulation through them is obstructed, and consequently the accumulation of blood is increased in those parts where there is no fat, as the brain, lungs, &c. Hence we find the pulse of fat people weaker than in others, and from these circumstances, also, we may easily understand how the corpulent grow dull, sleepy, and indolent." P. 14.

"The predisposition to corpulency varies in different persons. In some it exists to such an extent, that a considerable secretion of fat will take place, notwithstanding strict attention to the habits of life, and undeviating moderation in the gratification of the appetite. Such a disposition is generally connate, very often hereditary; and when accompanied, as it frequently is, with that easy state of mind, denominated '*good humour,*' which, in the fair sex, Mr. Pope tells us,

..... 'teaches charms to last,

Still makes new conquests and maintains the last.'

Or when, in men, the temper is cast in that happy mould which Mr. Hume so cheerfully gratulates himself upon possessing, and considers as more than equivalent to a thousand a year, '*the habit of looking at every thing on its favourable side*'—corpulency must ensue." P. 16, 17.

"Much sleep, and a sedentary life, greatly assist. Thus we find persons who have been long confined to their rooms, from any accident not interfering with the digestive powers, usually grow corpulent. I lately attended a gentleman, about thirty-five years of age, of a thin spare habit, who had the misfortune to rupture the tendon Achillis. In the course of three months he increased so much in size, that a coat which sat loosely on him before he met with his accident, would not meet to button, by nine or ten inches." P. 18.

He proceeds to remarks on the means of cure; first taking a slight view of the various medicines that have at different times been recommended as specifics.

Cœlius Aurelianus, to whose diligence in collecting the opinions of preceding writers we are much indebted, mentions two ways of curing this complaint; by taking food that has little nutrition in it, or by observing certain rules of exercise. He enjoins the patient to ride on horseback, or take a sea voyage, to read aloud, and to give the limbs motion by walking quickly. He recommends the body to be sprinkled with sand, and rubbed with a coarse dry towel. Sweating is to be produced by the aid of stoves and the warm bath. Sometimes the cold bath is to be used, to strengthen and invigorate the body. He orders the patient to be covered with hot sand, and to be put into medicated waters, after having been in the sweating bath, and then to be sprinkled with salt, or rubbed with pulverized nitre. He is to drink little, and acid wines should be mixed with his liquors. His food is to be chiefly made with bran; vegetables of all kinds; a very small quantity of animal food, and that is to be dry and free from fat. He advises very little sleep, and positively forbids it after meals. He condemns the practice of bleeding, and particularly objects to vomiting after supper, so much recommended by his predecessors." P. 19, 20.

Borrelli recommended *chewing tobacco*, but Etmuller thought it had a tendency to produce consumption.

"Few things have been more generally administered in the cure of corpulency, than acids of various kinds. The emaciating properties of acid liquors, particularly vinegar, are very well known. It is said, that the famous Spanish general, Chiapin Vitellis, well known in the time he lived for his enormous size, reduced himself solely by drinking of vinegar to such a degree that he could fold his skin round his body." P. 20, 21.

A natural *pelisse*! In countries where cider is drunk as a beverage, the inhabitants are leaner than in those where beer is the common liquor.

SOAP is strongly recommended by Dr. Flemyng.

"A worthy acquaintance of mine, (says the doctor,) a judicious and experienced physician, in his younger days, had been very active, and used much exercise both on foot and on horseback, and for many years seemed as little liable to corpulency as most people. By insensible degrees, as he diminished his daily labours, fatness stole upon him and kept increasing, insomuch, that when I met with him about six years ago, I found him in the greatest distress, through corpulency, of any person, not exceeding middle age, I ever knew. He was obliged to ride from house to house, to visit his patients in the town where he practised, being quite unable to walk a hundred yards at a stretch; and was, in no small degree, lethargic." P. 22, 23.

He began his cleanly remedy in July, 1754, at which time he weighed twenty stone eleven pounds. He took every night, at bed-time, a quarter of an ounce of common home-made castile soap, dissolved in a quarter of a pint of soft water; in about two or three months he felt more freedom, and in August, 1756, "his bulk was reduced two whole stone weight, and he could walk a mile with pleasure." P. 24.

Dr. Darwin was of opinion that salt, or salted meat, was more efficacious than soap—and many would probably prefer it! Dr. Cullen was against vinegar and soap, as being likely to prove worse than the disease.

"Nor," says our author, "will any of the other medicaments proposed afford better prospects of success. As auxiliaries, they may occasionally be useful, but the only certain and permanent relief, is to be sought in a rigid *abstemiousness*, and a strict and constant attention to diet.

"It has been well observed by an experienced surgeon, that in hereditary diseases, 'more dependence is to be had upon diet than medicine; and that the whole constitution may be changed by a proper choice of aliment.' " P. 29, 30.

"The beneficial alteration capable of being produced in the human body by a strict course of abstemiousness, cannot be more remarkably exemplified than in the history of Mr. Wood's case, (the Miller of Billericay,) as given by the late Sir George Baker, in the Medical Transactions of the Royal College of Physicians.

"Mr. Wood had arrived at his forty-fourth year, before his complaints were sufficiently serious to attract his attention, when the life of Cornaro fortunately suggested to him the salutary course of living he afterwards pursued, by which, to use his own words, 'he was metamorphosed from a monster to a person of moderate size; from the condition of an unhealthy, decrepit old man, to perfect health, and the vigour and activity of youth.'

"He began by using animal food sparingly, and leaving off malt liquor, and by degrees he brought himself to do without any liquor whatever, excepting what he took in the form of medicine; and latterly the whole of his diet consisted of a pudding made of sea-biscuit; by

this plan, it is supposed, he reduced himself ten or eleven stone weight." P. 31, 32.

Dr. Fothergill, by a course of *vegetable diet*, performed the following cure :

"A country tradesman, aged about thirty, of a short stature, and naturally of a fresh, sanguine complexion, and very fat, applied to me for assistance. He complained of perpetual drowsiness and inactivity ; his countenance was almost livid, and such a degree of somnolency attended him, that he could scarce keep awake whilst he described his situation. In other respects he was well.

"I advised him immediately to quit all animal food, to live solely on vegetables, and every thing prepared from them ; allowed him a glass of wine, or a little beer, occasionally, but chiefly to confine himself to water. He pursued the plan very scrupulously, lost his redundant fat, grew active as usual in about six months. I recommended a perseverance for a few months longer, then to allow himself light animal food once or twice a week, and gradually to fall into his usual way of living. He grew well, and continued so." P. 33, 34.

On the other hand, an instance is related of a man, who, with succulent nutritious vegetable matter, increased his bulk to such a degree

"As to be unable to move about, and was too big to pass up the brewhouse staircase ; if by any accident he fell down, he was unable to get up again without help." P. 37.

And in favour of flesh not producing it, see this note at p. 39.

"There is a remarkable contrast to this case, in the person of a French prisoner of war, who was extremely lean, though the following was his general consumption of one day.

Raw Cow's Udder, 4 lb.

Raw Beef . . . 10 lb.

Candles . . . 2 lb.

Total . . . 16 lb.

Beside five bottles of porter.

Vide Letter from Dr. Johnson to Dr. Blane, Medical and Physical Journal, v. iii. p. 211."

These, however, are exceptions. A vegetable diet, exercise, and abstemiousness, are recommended, as at least a partial cure of the disease called *fat*. Keep your eyes open, your mouth shut, and your feet moving, and you will conquer the complaint. He concludes thus—

"To enlarge on the common advantages of temperance is unnecessary. I am only desirous to show, by this cursory view, that the diminution of the secretion of fat, when in excess, *may be attempted with safety, and has been attended with success.*" P. 48.

So it all comes to what we have read in Crashaw's poem, called "**TEMPERANCE, or the Cheap Physitian.**" 1652. Read :

"That which makes vs have no need
Of physick, that's **PHYSICK** indeed.
Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
His own musick, his own health ;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well—
Her garments, that upon her sitt
As garments should doe, close and fitt ;
A well cloth'd soul ; that's not opprest,
Nor CHOAK'D, with what she should be drest.
A soul sheath'd in a christall shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine ;
A happy soul, that all the way
To **HEAV'N** rides in a summer's day.
Would'st see a man, whose well-warm'd blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood !
Would'st see blith lookes, fresh cheekes beguil
Age ? Would'st see December smile ?
Would'st see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow ?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
*Winter's selfe into a **SPRING—***
In summe, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man ?
Whose latest and most leaden houres
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres ;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends ;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay ;
A kisse, a *sigh*, and so away—"
Would'st see all this—be *Temperate!*

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF THE LATE

MAJOR MURRAY.

THERE is nothing in history or biography which lays a stronger hold upon the curiosity, or has more power to excite the imagination than the relation of the adventures of bold and fortunate men, who, leaving their own country forever, and breaking off every early connexion, force their way to distinction and power in a land of strangers by their own active and buoyant spirit. The contrast between the scenes and the habits of their boyhood and youth, and those of their maturer life, sometimes dazzles the mind with all the wild splendour of Arabian fiction, and sometimes fills the fancy with combinations as ludicrous as any of the most whimsical transformations of a pantomime. For instance, I recollect to have seen in some of the earlier numbers of the Gentleman's Magazine, published about the period when Thomas Kouli Khan, the Bonaparte of his age and country, was the great terror of the Eastern continent, a very animated discussion respecting the birthplace of this upstart chief; in which one of the writers most stoutly maintained, and with some plausibility too, that his Persian Majesty was an Irishman. There is another story of the same kind, but better authenticated, of an interview between Lord Keith, and a Turkish Bashaw of high rank, on some important public business. The business of state was transacted through an interpreter, whilst the bashaw kept his state with all the dignity and inflexible gravity of a true Mussulman. When it was finished, he expressed his desire of a private conversation. The tent was accordingly cleared, when, to his lordship's utter astonishment, the bashaw addressed him in broad Scotch, and inquired after his old friends and relations in Aberdeen.

We Americans have so much room to ramble about and push our fortunes in every direction, without going from home, that we

are but seldom tempted to this complete abandonment of our native country, and our men of talents rarely transplant themselves to a foreign soil, except in the ordinary pursuits of business or pleasure. There are, indeed, some few remarkable exceptions. We have had a Major General in the French service, and now have several officers of high rank in the British. The present prime minister of Tamahamaha, the Peter the Great of the Sandwich islands, is said to be an American; we justly boast of the greatest artist of the English school of painting as our countryman; and Count Rumford, though covered with honours, titles, stars, and ribands, by half the courts in Europe, could not, with any face, disown his Yankee birth, as long as he retained his primitive and truly American taste for Hasty Pudding.*

Another of our countrymen, the late Major Murray, whose history is but little known among us, bore an important, and sometimes a distinguished, part in the public and military transactions of the eastern continent, during the latter part of the last century. It is to be regretted that but little can be distinctly related concerning him; but that little is well worth preserving.

James Lillibridge, for that was his real name, was born in Rhode-Island, some time between the years 1760 and 1770. The history of his early life is not very well known. It seems that he had been bound apprentice to some mechanical trade, but in consequence of a family quarrel, and the ill treatment which he received from one of his relations, he left his family at an early age, changed his name to Murray, and went to sea. After pursuing this course of life for several years, he happened to arrive at Tranquebar, on the coast of Coromandel, some time in the year 1790, where, learning that the Mahratta chiefs, and others of the Indian princes, were anxious to procure European officers to lead and discipline their troops, and that in spite of the jealousy and strict precautions of the British government, many French soldiers of fortune, and others, had already entered their service, and were rapidly promoted to high rank; he formed the determination of pushing his fortunes in this new path to power and honour. The British military commanders were at that time extremely careful to prevent the access of foreigners to the interior of the country; however, Murray, in company with another ad-

* See his Essays.

venturous friend and countryman, succeeded in evading their vigilance and passed all their posts. He was received by the Mahrattas with the greatest favour, and, after giving numerous and ample proofs of his courage and abilities, soon gained their confidence, and attained high distinction among that gallant but unfortunate people. It is well known that the whole Indian peninsula has been for the last half century one scene of civil warfare and intestine broils. Those of the natives who were not sunk into the abject degeneracy of the timid and feeble Hindoos, were divided into various little principalities, whose chiefs, losing sight of every great object of national safety and happiness, in pursuit of their own miserable schemes of petty aggrandizement, or of narrow jealousy, instead of uniting against the common enemies of their country, were content to array themselves against one another, under European standards, and to become the humble instruments of English or French intrigue. In the hazardous enterprises of these bloody but inglorious wars, Murray became conspicuous for his invincible courage, and his undaunted presence of mind, as well as for his personal prowess. I have no means of minutely tracing his history throughout this period; it is only known in general that he remained in the Mahratta service for fifteen years, during which he was actively engaged in every species of peril and hardship, traversing the peninsula from Cape Comorin to the borders of Persia.

He first became known to the British government in India by an honourable act of humanity. He was at that time in the service of Holkar, the celebrated Mahratta chief, where, at the imminent risk of his own life, he preserved the lives of a number of British officers who had been taken prisoners by Holkar, and had been ordered to be instantly put to the sword by that ferocious chieftain. Soon after this, either disgusted with the service, or perhaps finding his influence with his prince lessened by this act of humanity, he quitted the service of Holkar, raised a large body of cavalry in his own name, and after many difficulties and reverses of fortune, finally succeeded in taking possession of a considerable district of country in his own name. At one period of this enterprise, so desperate were his fortunes that his whole force was reduced to eight badly armed followers; but though he at length

succeeded in firmly establishing himself, he was so little pleased with his new trade of sovereignty,* that when the war broke out between the British and Scindia, in which his old master Holkar took part with the latter, Murray proclaimed the British government in his little principality, and joined Lord Lake with an army of seven thousand native cavalry.

He was received by the English general with the greatest respect, and the fullest confidence was reposed in him. He retained the independent command of the body of cavalry which he brought with him, and there was seldom a daring or dangerous enterprise in which he was not consulted and employed.

“At the siege of Bhurtpore,” says the anonymous author of a brief sketch of his life, in a foreign journal, “where the British army lost near ten thousand men in four several attempts to storm the place, Murray was in continual action, and obtained the character of the best partisan officer in the army. At the same time, Holkar was on the outside of the English army with an immense body of cavalry, and the signal of assault on the fortress by the British was also the signal for his attack on the outside.”

At the conclusion of the war, having acquired a very large fortune in the course of his military services, he determined to return to his native country, and end his days in luxury and tranquillity.

The British military commanders in India, who, during the war, had courted him, now seemed to treat him with cold indifference; and his services, which had certainly been of high importance, were poorly rewarded by the nominal rank of major, and the permission to retire on half pay for life. He, therefore, remitted his funds to Calcutta, and shortly after repaired thither, with the intention of taking his passage from thence to the United States. Still in the prime of life and the vigour of health, he might reasonably promise to himself a long life of ease—perhaps of distinction in his native country. But all these fair prospects were interrupted by sudden death—a death perfectly in unison with the eccentric character of his life.

A few days before the time fixed for sailing, he gave a splendid

* This may seem rather disrespectful language to use concerning the great business of royalty; there is, however, royal authority for it: Frederick the great used to talk about *le metier d'un roi*.

entertainment to his acquaintance in Calcutta. After dinner, when elated with wine, he undertook to entertain his guests with some equestrian feats, and, among others, one which he frequently performed, that of leaping a favourite Arabian horse across the table at which they sat. Unfortunately the horse's feet became entangled in the carpet, and Major Murray was thrown against some article of furniture, and severely hurt. The fall was found to have occasioned an intestinal rupture, which being unskilfully treated, ended in a mortification. He died a few days after, in ——— 1806. He is described as having been, in ordinary life, a mild and amiable man, but when once roused into anger, becoming ferocious and ungovernable. He was of a middling stature, of pleasing expression of countenance, a muscular, well-formed figure, and great bodily strength and agility. He was supposed to be the best horseman in India, and unrivalled in the use of the broad-sword. On one occasion he was attacked, when alone, by seven Mahratta horsemen, of whom he killed three, and effected his escape from the other four. Many were his wildly romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes; but their history is but imperfectly known; for he was extremely modest on the subject of his own exploits, scarcely ever speaking of them, and when he did relate any of the scenes in which he had been engaged, he seemed carefully to avoid dwelling upon his own actions. Though he had been absent from his native land almost from his boyhood, he still retained a strong affection for it. The mere name of an American was a sufficient passport to his confidence, and many of his countrymen, though perfect strangers to him, frequently experienced his liberality in the loan of large sums of money, upon no other introduction or security.

These are all the particulars which I have been able to collect concerning the life and character of this brave and extraordinary man—a man who seems to have had in his composition many of the elements of a great general, and, perhaps, of a great sovereign. To a mind a little accustomed to castle-building and visionary speculation, it requires no great stretch of imagination to picture to ourself what, under favouring circumstances, *might* have been the career of our adventurous countryman—to suppose him, like some former adventurers in India, rising from his little principality, to

become the head of a great state—then collecting into one mass all the native power of Hindostan, and expelling the European invaders from the soil—afterwards dividing the attention of the whole civilized world with Napoleon—the Rhode-Islander filling the east with the dread of his power, as the Corsican does the West—nay, perhaps aspiring to yet higher glory, becoming the oriental Washington, and the founder of a free and great state. All this is indeed “such stuff as dreams are made of,” and yet wilder dreams than these have been realized. I have started the thought, and if my readers think it worth any thing, they may amuse themselves by pursuing it for themselves.

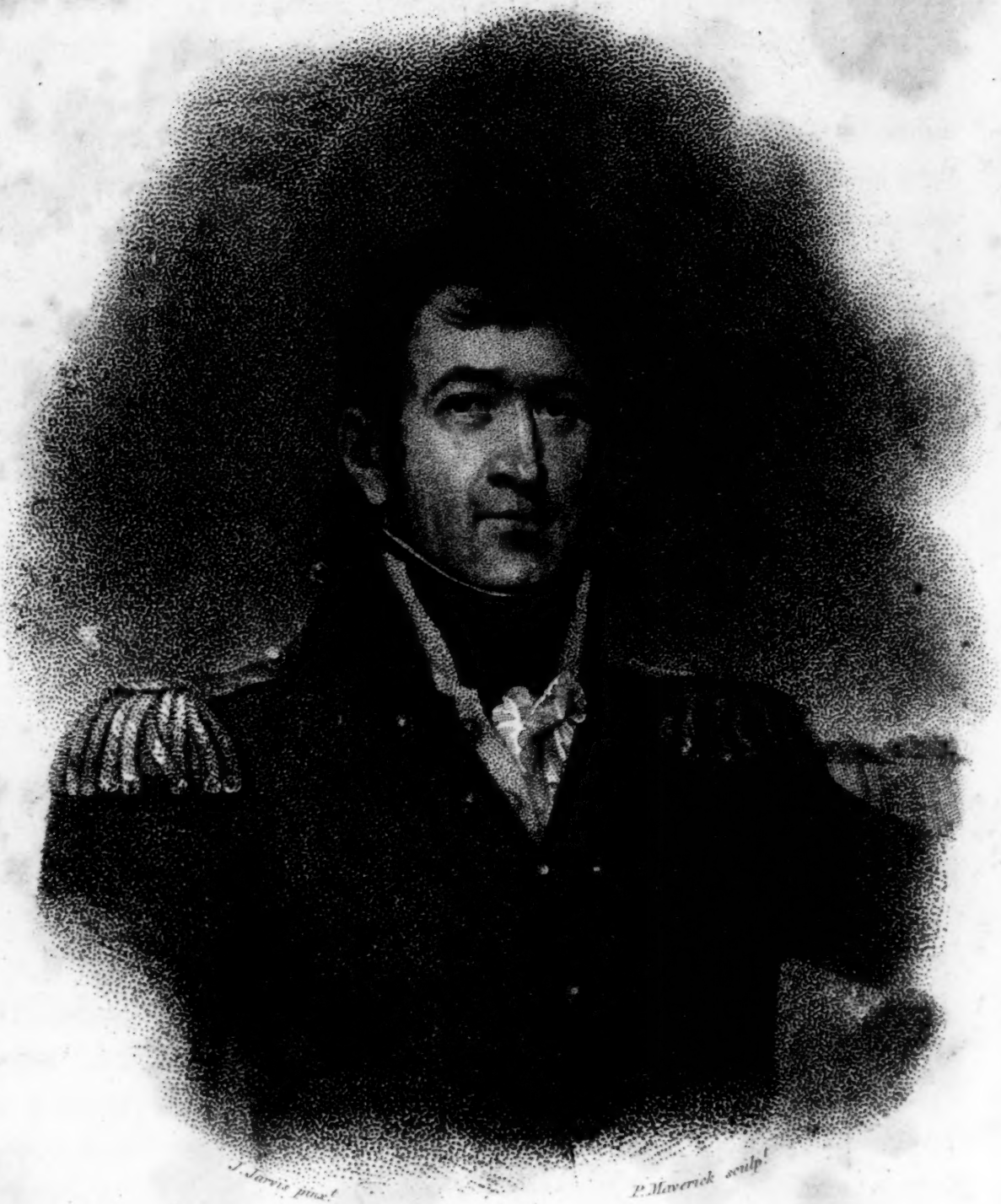
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

MAJOR GENERAL BROWN.

GENERAL JACOB BROWN is now about forty-five years old. He was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, a few miles below Trenton; his father was a respectable farmer of the society of Quakers, and in their religious principles and habits of life young Brown was educated. His early education was such as the youth of that sect commonly receive; accurate and useful so far as it went, without aspiring to elegant literature, or mere speculative science: but his mind was naturally too active and inquisitive to rest content with these humble rudiments, and by seizing upon every opportunity of improvement in the course of his very diversified life, he has gradually acquired a large fund of various and well-digested knowledge.

During some period of his youth, he was employed as the teacher of a respectable Quaker school in New-Jersey. This he left at the age of twenty-one, when he removed to Cincinnati, in Ohio, where he resided about two years, and followed the busi-



MAJOR GEN^L BROWN. U.S. Army.

Engraved for the Analectic Magazine

Philadelphia. Published by M. Thomas.

1815.

ness of a land surveyor. From thence he migrated again, and fixed his residence in the city of New-York, where he took charge of the public school of the society of Friends, which he taught for several years with great assiduity and reputation. In this situation, which afforded him little opportunity to mix actively in the busy world, he continued to improve his mind by general reading and study, and by attentive observation of passing life and public transactions. It is said that, at some time about this period, he had determined upon studying law, and trying his talents at the bar: happily for himself and his country, his fortunes took another direction. In 1799, he was induced, by the offer of an advantageous purchase of a large tract of land, near the shores of Lake Ontario, to remove thither and establish a settlement. The current of population, which has since run with so strong and full a tide toward the western part of the state of New-York, was then just beginning to set in. Brown established himself on his new possessions, entered actively into various schemes of business and speculation, soon attained influence and importance in the district around him, and, after a time, as his lands rose in value, from the increase of population, acquired considerable wealth. As the country continued to improve, Brown rose with it in importance and public estimation. He was appointed a county court judge, and became a leading man in all the public business of that part of the country. He now gradually threw off the dress and manners of his sect, and on a change which took place in the organization of the militia, was appointed to the command of a regiment; and not long after, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.

In this situation, which gave him military rank, without affording him much opportunity for acquiring military knowledge, the late war found him, and when the first detachment of the western militia of New-York was ordered into the service of the United States, General Brown was designated by Governor Tompkins to the command of a brigade, and entrusted with the general care of the northern frontier. He applied himself, with his usual diligence and activity, to the discharge of these new and important duties; doubtless, at first, with no further views of military life, than the natural and laudable desire of filling the station in which he was placed, for a short term of service, with credit and usefulness.

By constant and unwearied activity, he soon placed the most important points of the line of the frontier committed to his charge, in a respectable state of defence.

Every one who has seen any thing of the militia service, knows the numerous difficulties and perplexities attending it. In meeting and obviating these, in soothing discontent, and repressing disobedience, Brown's knowledge of mankind, and adroitness in business, made him eminently useful; but, except in repelling an attempt of the enemy to dislodge him from Ogdensburg, he was not, during this campaign, placed in any situation fitted to evolve his military talents; and, at the close of it, retired to private life with the character of an active and intelligent militia officer; but without its being known by the public, and, probably, without knowing himself, that he was possessed of every requisite of a great commander.

In May, 1813, General Dearborn, understanding that an attack was meditated by the enemy upon Sackett's Harbour, from which a considerable part of our regular force, together with the whole of Commodore Chauncey's squadron, had been withdrawn for the purpose of coöperating in their enterprise against Fort George, wrote to General Brown, requesting him to repair with such militia force as he could collect, to Sackett's Harbour, and take the command there. Brown, knowing that Colonel Backus, a regular officer of character and experience, was then in command at that post, at first hesitated at assuming this responsible and arduous command. But the request being again repeated, and urged by Colonel Backus himself, he finally yielded, and immediately set out for that post, where he arrived with a small body of militia early on the morning of the 28th of May. On the morning of the 30th, at day-break, Sir George Prevost landed at the head of 1,000 picked men, under cover of a heavy fire from his gun-boats. General Brown, depending chiefly upon the well-known superiority of the American musketry, had posted 500 of his militia, to receive the enemy on their landing, with orders that they should lie close, and reserve their fire until the enemy had approached so nigh that every shot might hit its object. But the trepidation and confusion of the moment excited one of those sudden panics

to which undisciplined volunteers are so subject; and the whole line fired at the very instant of the enemy's landing, with considerable effect, indeed, but then suddenly rising from their covert, they broke and fled in disorder. Brown threw himself among them to stop their flight. Having rallied about a hundred men, with this handful of raw troops he gained a position on the enemy's left flank, and harrassed them by a galling fire, by which they were held in check until they were met by our regular troops (about 400 in all) under Colonel Backus. General Brown now hurried to this point of action, and found the gallant Colonel Backus dangerously wounded, and the battle still raging, but with very evident advantage on the American side. After a short conflict he was completely victorious, and Sir George Prevost retreated rapidly to his ships, leaving a number of men and several officers killed and wounded on the field.

A few days after this attack Commodore Chauncey returned, and General Brown once more retired to his farm and ordinary occupations. But his military reputation was now established, and public expectation was anxiously turned towards him as one to whom the fortunes and honour of our arms might be confidently entrusted.

Soon after the successful defence of Sackett's Harbour, the secretary of war offered him one of the new-raised regiments. Brown now felt his own value, and respectfully declined the commission; at the same time, intimating to his friends, that he was willing to serve his country, in the regular army, in any rank not inferior to that which he bore in the militia of his own state. In the course of a month or two he was nominated by the president to the senate, and commissioned a Brigadier General in the army of the United States.

In the autumn of the same year he was employed in superintending and directing the transportation of the army down the St. Lawrence, in General Wilkinson's unfortunate expedition against Montreal.

In the descent, itself, he commanded the *élite* of the army, and at French Creek, repulsed, with his own brigade, the naval armament which had been sent out to harrass and retard the expedition.

He was not present at the battle of Williamsburgh, on the 11th of November, 1813.

During the following winter General Brown was left in command of the regular troops in the northern military district of the state of New-York, and was laboriously and constantly employed in providing for their comfort and good order, and in improving and familiarizing himself in the theory and practice of modern tactics. During the winter session of 1813, upon the formation of the plan of operations for the ensuing campaign, it was determined to entrust the execution of it, on the Niagara frontier, to General Brown; he was accordingly appointed Major General, and took the field early in the spring.

The rest of his military career who does not know? Were it in my power to fill up the magnificent outline of his exploits, already familiar to every mind, by the relation of additional facts and circumstances, or any of those minute incidents and traits of character which are ordinarily overlooked in contemplating the great results of high achievement, I could expatiate with fond partiality on a theme so pleasing and so splendid. But why should I again relate the oft-told story of the noble fields of Chippewa and Niagara?—These are proud recollections treasured up in the memory, throbbing “in the heart of hearts” of every true American.

In these encounters General Brown was distinguished as much by his personal activity, and impetuous courage, as by his skill and conduct. In the battle of Niagara he received some severe flesh wounds, which obliged him to retire for a short time from active service. After a few weeks he resumed the command, and soon after planned and executed the sortie from Fort Erie, on the 17th of September, when, in broad day-light, with an inferior, and in part, an irregular force, he surprised the enemy, drove them from their entrenchments, spiked their cannon, destroyed their works, and carried off 400 prisoners: an exploit which, if it be regarded rather with a view to the sagacity, the address, the conduct, and courage displayed in it, than merely with respect to the scale of operation and its immediate results, must surely be considered as entitled to the very first rank of military merit.

In consequence of this discomfiture, General Drummond shortly

after abandoned the siege, and fell back on Fort George, and the campaign closed in that quarter.

General Brown returned to his home, exulting, not so much at having vanquished the vanquishers of the world, the heroes of Talavera and Vittoria, as in the consciousness of having stood forth, in the hour of extreme peril, the champion and bulwark of his country, and of having preserved one of the fairest portions of her land from indiscriminate ravage and desolation.

During the last winter he had meditated and organized a plan for the ensuing campaign, and in January, 1815, went on to the seat of government for the purpose of conferring with the secretary of war. On his return from Washington, he was, on his way, to call upon General Snyder, in order to make the necessary arrangements for calling out the western militia of Pennsylvania, when the news of the arrival of the treaty of peace overtook him.

Since his return from the frontiers, General Brown has everywhere received the most ample testimonials of public gratitude and respect. Votes of high approbation have been passed by congress and the state legislatures, accompanied by presents of swords, and services of plate ; and our cities have vied with each other in paying him every civic honour. Small things, these, in themselves ; yet such as have power to rouse the generous mind to loftiest enterprise—to kindle national gratitude—to animate national feeling—to exalt national character.

In contemplating General Brown's progress to fame and fortune, we cannot but be forcibly impressed with a sense of the inestimable advantages which this country enjoys, in the facility with which talents of every kind find full range for their enterprise and activity. In most other countries, society is divided by ancient usage, by law and positive institution, or by the natural effects of bad government and a too crowded population, into *casts* completely separated, and, as it were, walled off from each other, so that every trade and profession seems to have become the peculiar property of those individuals who have been trained from infancy to move in its narrow routine, and guard it with jealous caution against all intrusion. Here, on the other hand, talents of every species are suffered to roam at large, without re-

straint, over the whole field of human science, and art, and enterprise.

This circumstance alone, did we possess no other advantages, by thus enabling every individual, under the unerring guidance of personal interest, to find that employment for which nature and education had best qualified him, lays a broad and sure foundation for national opulence; while the long list of wise and brave men whom great emergencies have raised up to the service of our country, may teach us to look to the same cause, in every state of our public fortunes, as the certain source of hope, of consolation, and of glory; since that sudden and spontaneous evolution of talent, which, in other countries, is produced only by violent civil commotion, is here the natural result of every great public pressure.

There is another topic of consideration to which these speculations naturally lead the mind, and though not immediately connected with the character of General Brown, it ought not to be passed over in silence.

Great and never failing as this resource is, may not too much confidence be placed in it? Why should it be, that whilst every other occupation, mechanical or liberal, in which human genius is exercised, holds out its rewards, and invites into its service the full share of ability for which it can find employment, the nation alone, in its public capacity, refrains from entering into the great market of talents, and waits to receive, as a voluntary offering, what it might always command.

I recollect to have seen a letter from the late Chief Justice Ellsworth to a political friend, who was about to retire from public life, in which, dissuading him from his resolution, he says, with Spartan brevity, and with Spartan dignity too, "Our country pays her servants but badly, yet she is better worth serving than any other country in the world; and as long as she gives us *bread* and *honour*, let us be content to remain in her service."

Bread and honour! In the niggard spirit of false economy, we scarcely give them bread; in the base malevolence of party calumny and personal jealousy, how little of honour do they receive! With such a people as we have, as to every important object we are safe—difficulties will always call forth talents to meet them.

But why must that which should be the medicine of our government, be looked to as its ordinary nutriment? Why should not the nation *always* have the best talents of the country in her service? Why should not all her public establishments be on a scale worthy of a great as well as of a free people?

REVIEW.

The Life of the late General William Eaton ; several years an officer in the United States' army ; Consul at the Regency of Tunis, on the coast of Barbary, and commander of the Christian and other forces that marched from Egypt through the desert of Barca, in 1805, and conquered the city of Derne, which led to the treaty of peace between the United States and the Regency of Tripoli : principally collected from his correspondence and other manuscripts. Brookfield, 8vo. pp. 448.

THE distinguished agency which the late General Eaton had, in our affairs in the Mediterranean, during our contest with some of the Barbary powers, in the year 1804, and the adventurous part he took in endeavouring to restore the exiled Bashaw, Hamet Caramanly, to the sovereignty of Tripoli, are events which, taken in connexion with collateral circumstances, are sufficiently interesting to claim the attention both of the reader and of the writer of history. The hostile measures which our government have recently found it necessary to adopt against Algiers will not tend to diminish this interest; and although the transactions of General Eaton had but little relation to that regency, yet, as the manners, policy, and mode of warfare of the Barbary states, are very similar, a view of one of them, will enable us to form a pretty correct idea of the character of the rest. With respect to the intrinsic merits of this work as a piece of biography, we shall reserve our remarks till the conclusion of the present article, which, being calculated more for the purposes of information than of criticism, will chiefly consist of a summary of the contents of the volume.

General Eaton was born in Connecticut, in the year 1764, and

very early in life gave tokens of an enterprising disposition, accompanied with a great deal of eccentric behaviour. He was taught reading, writing, and a little arithmetic by his father, who was a plain farmer; and at the age of sixteen began his career of adventures by running away, and enlisting in the army, where he continued upwards of a year, in the capacity of a waiter to one of the majors. Being discharged from the service on account of ill health, he bent his way homewards; but, not being sufficiently recovered to pursue his journey, he was under the necessity of seeking repose and support in the family of a farmer, whose kindness he repaid to his full satisfaction, by repairing his old chairs, and acting as a schoolmaster to his children. Having returned home and reëstablished his health, he again joined the army, in which he continued till his regular discharge in the year 1783; having, in the mean time, been promoted to a sergeant. He now turned his attention to classical studies, and, in the year 1785, entered Dartmouth College, where, after several long and irregular intervals of absence, during which he employed and maintained himself by teaching school in different places, he finally was readmitted, and graduated in the year 1790. His passion for the profession of arms being still unsubdued, he soon afterwards made interest for a military commission, and, by the patronage of a friend in the senate, he was appointed, in 1792, a captain in the army.

Being naturally of an arrogant and obstinate disposition, and of an irascible and impetuous temper, he was often haunted by provocations that hurried him into sallies of vehement language, and violent behaviour. This propensity soon manifested itself in his new situation. Being charged by the acting adjutant general at a review with disobeying the word of command relative to some evolution, he contradicted him in a very positive manner, which instantly produced a most violent altercation in the presence of the commander, and was soon afterwards followed by a challenge from Captain Eaton. The form of the challenge is truly laconic, but we are inclined to imagine that if *Œdipus* had been required by the Sphinx to guess the meaning of such a communication, the life of the monster might have been insured a few years longer at a very moderate premium.

"Legionville, 17th March, 5 o'clock, P. M.

"SIR,

"I am to understand—and am to be understood by Captain
Butler. "EATON.

"The Acting Adj. Gen."

In the Indian war of 1794, Eaton served under General Wayne, and was engaged in several skirmishes; but it does not appear that he had any particular opportunity of signalizing himself in battle. The following brief outline of the character of Wayne is a proof that he was not unwilling, through envy or self-conceit, to yield the tribute of praise to superior worth, and at the same time shows that a good understanding subsisted between him and that meritorious veteran.

"He is firm in constitution as in resolution;—industrious, indefatigable, determined and persevering;—fixed in opinion, and unbiased in judgment;—not over accessible; but studious to reward merit. He is a rock against which the waves of calumny and malice, moved by the gust of passions natural to envy, have dashed—have washed its sides. He is still immoveable on his base.—He is in some degree susceptible of adulation, as is every man who has an honest thirst for military fame.—He endures fatigue and hardship with a fortitude uncommon to men of his years. I have seen him, in the most severe night of the winter, 1794, sleep on the ground like his fellow soldier; and walk around his camp at four in the morning, with the vigilance of a sentinel.

"His manners are austere and forbidding,"but his heart is susceptible of the finest feelings of sensibility. When in danger, he is in his element; and never shows to so good advantage as when leading a charge. His name is better in an action, or in an enemy's country, than a brigade of undisciplined levies." P. 19, 20.

Government having determined to establish a military post, and an Indian trading factory, on the river St. Mary, Colonel Gaither was appointed to the command, and Captain Eaton received orders to repair to that station. The Colonel is represented, by Eaton, to have been of a splenetic and jealous temper, and of a speculating and avaricious disposition; and the superintendant of the factory as of a morose and unaccommodating character. Mis-

understandings soon began to prevail among the officers, and Eaton at length became the object of the colonel's vengeance. He was arrested, and brought to trial before a court martial on various charges of speculating in the clothing, pay, and rations of the troops; of disobedience of orders, and contempt of the colonel's authority. In making his defence, he had an opportunity of displaying his talents as a pleader; and his address to the court evinces that he possessed considerable powers of oratory.

He was acquitted by the court of all the charges but one, for which they sentenced him to two months' suspension from command; but this sentence was not confirmed; and soon afterwards, our affairs with Tunis and Tripoli being in a critical situation, he was appointed, by the president, consul for the former place, and in company with Mr. Cathcart, consul for Tripoli, sailed for Algiers with the supplies of armed vessels and naval stores, which the United States had stipulated by treaty to transmit to the Dey, as the price of peace.

The brief narrative of the biographer appears almost to terminate at this period, and the rest of the volume consists almost entirely of the general's journal, his official documents and communications, and his letters to some of his correspondents relative to the business of his mission. He must, therefore, be considered for the future, as the writer of his own memoirs; and in that capacity, will be entitled to credit in proportion to our estimate of his moral character, and to the egotism or modesty of his disposition. "The writer of his own life," says Dr. Johnson, "has at least the first qualification of the historian, a knowledge of the truth, though it may be plainly objected, that his temptations to disguise it are equal to his opportunities of knowing it." For our own part, we have discovered nothing in the relation of events and circumstances, in the present memoirs, to induce a suspicion unfavourable to the veracity of General Eaton, though, from the nature of his style, which is sometimes at variance with sedateness and simplicity, we are inclined to believe that his proneness to arrogance and ostentation may have, in some instances, imparted a little colouring to his representations.

His account of the first audience with the Dey of Algiers, to which the American consuls were admitted soon after their arri-

val, is truly amusing, and gives us a very striking picture of his most potent majesty, to whom seven kings of Europe, and several republics, pay tribute.

"Consuls O'Brien, Cathcart, and myself, Captains Geddes, Smith, Penrose, and Maley, proceeded from the American house to the courtyard of the palace, uncovered our heads, entered the area of the hall, ascended a winding maze of five flights of stairs, to a narrow, dark entry, leading to a contracted apartment of about 12 by 8 feet, the private audience room. Here we took off our shoes; and, entering the cave, (for so it seemed,) with small apertures of light with iron grates, we were shown to a huge, shaggy beast, sitting on his rump, upon a low bench, covered with a cushion of embroidered velvet, with his hind legs gathered up like a taylor, or a bear. On our approach to him, he reached out his fore paw, as if to receive something to eat. Our guide exclaimed, 'Kiss the Dey's hand!' The consul general bowed *very elegantly*, and kissed it; and we followed his example in succession. The animal seemed at that moment to be in a harmless mood; he grinned several times, but made very little noise. Having performed this ceremony, and standing a few moments in silent agony, we had leave to take our shoes and other property, and leave the den, without any other injury than the humility of being obliged, in this involuntary manner, to violate the second commandment of God, and offend common decency.

"Can any man believe that this elevated brute has seven kings of Europe, two republics, and a continent, tributary to him, when his whole naval force is not equal to two line of battle ships? It is so!" P. 59, 60.

Leaving Mr. O'Brien at Algiers, he repaired to Tunis. It seems that in August, 1797, a Frenchman, named Famin, residing there, had, through the recommendation of Mr. Barlow, been appointed an agent for the United States, and in that capacity had negotiated a treaty of peace and commerce with the Bey, which, being transmitted to our government, was found to be very objectionable, and our consul was now instructed to enter into an explanation with the Bey on the subject, and endeavour to obtain a modification of the exceptionable articles; and, among others, the one that stipulated, that, upon returning a salute to an American vessel, a barrel of gunpowder should be paid to the Tunisian government, for every gun so fired in return.

Being introduced to his highness, who is represented as being a man of acute discernment, and generally of fair dealing, though vain and avaricious, the following conversation took place on the occasion.

"15th. Eight in the morning, M. Famin conducted us to the palace, and introduced us to the Bey. After delivering our letters of credence and full powers, passing the ceremony of kissing his hand, sitting a few minutes, and taking coffee, he began to interrogate us.

"'Is your vessel a vessel of war?'

"'Yes.'

"'Why was I not duly informed of it, that you might have been saluted, as is customary?'

"'We were unacquainted with the customs.' (True cause—we did not choose to demand a salute which would cost the United States eight hundred dollars.)

"'Had you not an agent here who could have informed you? and have not I ministers who could have introduced your concerns to me, without the agency of a *Jew*?'

"'True, we had an agent here, but we were uninformed of the mode of making communications.' (The fact is, we had been advised at Algiers not to employ M. Famin, and had made our arrangements accordingly.)

"'It is now more than a year since I expected the regalia of maritime and military stores, stipulated by treaty: what impedes the fulfilment of the stipulation?'

"'The treaty was received by our government about eight months ago: a malady then raged in our capital, which forced not only the citizens, but all the departments of the government, to fly into the interior villages of the country. About the time the plague ceased to rage, and permitted the return of the government, the winter shut up our harbours with ice. We are also engaged in a war with France; and all our extraordinary means are turned into the channel of defence against the depredations of that rapacious nation. Besides, when the treaty was laid before the government for ratification, it was found exceptionable. We are come forward empowered to agree on the necessary alterations. When these shall be effectuated, the government of the United States will cause every exertion to be made for the fulfilment of the obligation on their part.' We pointed out the articles and amendments; and assured the Bey that when these

should be agreed to, we were authorized, as a proof of the good faith of our government, and of the sincerity of their desire to cultivate friendship, to stipulate for the payment of an equivalent in cash.

“‘I am not a pauper,’ said he, ‘I have cash to spare. The stores are at this moment more than ever peculiarly necessary, in consequence of the war with France. You have found no difficulty in fulfilling your engagements with Algiers and Tripoli; and to the former, have very liberally made presents of frigates and other armed vessels.’

“We told him these facts had been misrepresented to him. Our government had, indeed, agreed to furnish to the Dey of Algiers, certain armed vessels for which he was to pay cash; that we found no great difficulty in fulfilling this contract, because the vessels carried with them their own defence; and because it had been several years in its accomplishment. We had therefore fulfilled it, and received the stipulated consideration. We were as ready to fulfil our engagements with him, if, by any arrangements which could now be made, it could be rendered as feasible.

“‘You may inform me,’ said the bashaw, ‘that the Dey of Algiers paid you cash for your vessels. I am at liberty to believe otherwise.’ Turning to M. Famin, he said, ‘if the treaty were not ratified by the government of the United States in its original form, why did you hoist their colours?’

“‘I have orders from government to hoist them,’ said M. Famin.

“We assured the bashaw that no such orders had been given by our government, nor would be, until the ratification of the treaty. The exceptions to it were but few, and with these exceptions our government would find no difficulty in agreeing to it. If M. Famin imagined that our government wished to hoist the flag at all events, he must have mistaken the idea from the communication of some governmental agents, and not immediately. We should, however, when our affairs were accommodated, send direct despatches to our government, when the obligations of our agent here would be acknowledged and paid.

“Said the Bey, “it cost you but little to have your flag hoisted. It will cost you less to have it taken down;’ and insisted on the regalia as a condition of the preservation of the peace.” P. 62, 63.

Independent, however, of the supplies stipulated for in the treaty, the Bey and his ministers continually urged the custom of making presents whenever a treaty with his highness was under

discussion; that every alteration made in the treaty after it was first drawn up, was to be considered as a new treaty, and additional presents of money and jewels were therefore expected, and must be furnished.

"It was true, as I told him yesterday, we had neither gold nor diamonds in America, nor any body who knows how to work them. 'What, are you,' said he, 'a parcel of countrymen, shepherds and rustics?' 'Very much so.' 'But you build ships?' 'Yes.' 'Of what timber?' 'The best' 'And handsome?' 'Yes.' 'Well, suppose you agree to make the Bey a present of a small, handsome cruiser.' "

P. 84, 85.

Presents were demanded from every quarter. The admiral demanded a gold headed cane, a gold watch, and chain, and twelve pieces of cloth, this being the *usance* on a new consul's being received. The Aga of the Goulette demanded his *usance* on occasion of the first vessel of war coming to anchor in the bay; and the prime minister demanded on his part, a double barrellled gun, and a gold chain to his watch. Some of these *usances* our consul found it necessary to provide, in order to allay the impatience of these rapacious pirates, who were continually complaining of the delay on the part of the United States, in sending out the vessels and naval stores, and the consul was repeatedly threatened that unless the tribute arrived within a limited time, he should consider the treaty void, and despatch his cruisers immediately to make prize of our merchantmen. Eaton, however, with his characteristic boldness, always remonstrated against these insolent exactions, and to the threats of the Bey and his minister, replied in a very spirited tone.

The consul had, for some time before, discovered the agent, Famin, to be a villain; and having obtained the clearest evidence of his treachery, in instigating the officers and minister of the Bey to increase their exactions, he took the liberty one day to administer to Famin the discipline of the horsewhip in the public street, and in the presence of nearly a hundred persons. Eaton was immediately summoned before the tribunal, where the Bey himself always presides in the administration of justice, and the following sharp conversation took place on the occasion.

“ ‘I will send you out of the country!’ said the Bey—‘You will do me an honour which I will take care to appreciate.’

“ ‘How dare you lift your hand against a *subject of mine in my kingdom?*’

“If your renegade had been in the *kingdom of heaven*, and had given me the same provocation, I would have given him the same discipline. But the Bey of Tunis has too much penetration to believe that abject wretch *faithful*, even to his patron. If he were such, if he were a true Frenchman, I would respect him as such; if an American, I would protect him as such; if a good Mussulman, I would honour him as such; or, if a Christian, he should be duly respected. He is neither one nor the other. I have documents to convince you that he would sell your head for caroubes, and barter away the reputation of your court for piastres. See here his statement to an American, who by this means has been entrapped into his hands.” P. 147.

After producing satisfactory evidence, of the guilt of Famin,

“The Bey was convinced. Famin stood convicted. On leaving the palace, I told the Bey, to-morrow I would announce to the *world* what I had on that ground. Parting, he gave my hand a cordial squeeze: and, when I was out, turning to his court, said, ‘the American consul has been heated: but truly he has had reason. I have always found him a very plain, candid man; and his concern for his fellow citizens is not a crime.’

“Since this event, which happened about our *five weeks* ago, more hats have been off than had been observed for fourteen months before. I detail this adventure, (which I am sensible will not show much to my advantage in the civilized world,) to demonstrate what has before been asserted, that the best way to treat these savages is to meet them on their own ground. They began by bullying, I have paid them off in kind.” P. 149.

The following letter addressed by General Eaton to the secretary of state, exhibits a very striking picture of the rapacious policy and character of the Barbary powers; and is, at the same time, a good specimen of the spirited manner in which he resisted their insatiable demands.

“ *Tunis, June 28th, 1801.*

“ On the night of the 18th, a fire broke out in the Bey's palace, which, in its progress, consumed 50,000 stands of arms. The second day following I received a message to wait on the Bey; but was at that moment confined to my bed with a billious fever, so that it was not till this morning that I have been able to go to the palace in my carriage. The Bey's object in calling me was to demand of the United States *ten thousand stands of arms*. I refused to state his demand. ‘I have apportioned my loss,’ said he, ‘among my friends, and this quota falls to you to furnish: tell your government to send them without delay.’ It is impossible, said I, to state this claim to my government. We have no magazines of small arms. The organization of our national strength is different from that of every other nation on earth. Each citizen carries his own arms, always ready for battle. When threatened with invasion, or actually invaded, detachments from the whole national body are sent by rotation to serve in the field: so that we have no need of standing armies nor depositories of arms. It would be an affront to my government, and an imposition on the Bey, to state to them this demand, or to flatter him with a prospect of receiving it. ‘Send for them from France or England,’ said the minister. ‘You,’ said I, ‘are in a much more eligible position to make this commission from Europe than we are.’ ‘If the Bey had any intentions of *purchasing* the arms from Europe,’ said the minister, ‘he could do it without your agency. He did not send for you to ask your advice, but to *order* you to communicate his demands to your government.’ ‘But I come here,’ said I, ‘to assure you that I will make no such communication to my government.’ ‘The Bey will write himself,’ said he. ‘If so, it will become my duty to forward his letter: but, at the same time, it is equally obligatory on me, to let the Bey be beforehand apprized, that he will never receive a single musket from the United States. I should suppose a respect to decency, if not a sense of gratitude, would dissuade the Bey from this new and extraordinary claim. Has he not, within eighteen months, received two large ships' cargoes in regalia? Have we not now another ship laden for him on its passage; and has he not, within sixty days, demanded cannon extraordinary of the United States? At this rate, when are our payments to have an end?’ ‘Never!’ said the minister. ‘As to the ships you talk of, they are but the past payment of regalia you have long since owed us as the condition of peace. The other claims we make are such as we receive from all friendly nations once every two or three

years : it is an established custom ; and you, like other christians, will be obliged to conform to it.' 'When we shall have completed the payment of our peace stipulations, you may never calculate on further donations. It is by treaty stipulated, as the condition of a perpetual peace, and any new claims on your part will be an infraction of that treaty, and will be so considered by us. You may, therefore, at once, and for ever, abandon the idea of future regalia ; for I again assure you, in the name of my government and country, that the discharge of our treaty obligations will put an end to our contributions here.'

" 'Your *contributions* here, as you think proper to call them,' repeated the minister, 'will never have an end : if this be the language you think of holding at this court, you may prepare yourself to leave the kingdom, and that very soon.' 'If change of style on my part,' said I, 'be the condition of residence here, I will leave the Bey's kingdom to-morrow morning.' 'We will give you a month,' said the minister. 'I ask but six hours,' I replied. 'But you will write ?' 'No !' 'It is your duty to write !' 'For delinquency in duty, this is not the place where I am to be questioned.' 'I tell you again,' continued he, 'your peace depends on your compliance with this demand of my master.' 'If so,' said I, 'on me be the responsibility of breaking the peace. I wish you a good morning !'

" Leaving the palace I heard the minister say to one of his colleagues, 'By God, that man is mad ! But we shall bring him to terms : never fear !'

" I do not know how this affair will end. I shall not change my position." P. 204, 205, 206.

Our present war with Algiers, renders the following description of the mode of fighting of the corsairs of this coast, particularly interesting.

" 'Their mode of attack is uniformly boarding. For this, their vessels are peculiarly constructed. Their long latteen yards drop on board the enemy, and afford a safe and easy conveyance for the men who man them for this purpose : but being always crowded with men, they throw them in from all points of the rigging, and from all quarters of the decks ; having their sabres grasped between their teeth, and their loaded pistols in their belts, that they may have the free use of their hands in scaling the gunnels or netting of their enemy. In

this mode of attack they are very active and very desperate. Taught by *revelation*, that war with the Christians will guarantee the salvation of their souls, and finding so great secular advantages in the observance of this *religious* duty, their inducements to desperate fighting are very powerful. Proper defence against them are high nettings with chains sufficiently strong to prevent their being cut away; buck shot plentifully administered from muskets or blunderbusses; and lances. But it is always best to keep them at a distance, that advantage may be taken of their ignorance of manœuvring." P. 92.

About this time the Bey of Tripoli having made a peremptory demand on the United States of 250,000 dollars as the price of peace, and 20,000 dollars annually, to insure its continuance, and the requisition being refused by Mr. Cathcart, war was declared by that regency, and the corsairs were sent out to make prize of American vessels. Some idea of the character and manners of his Tripolitan highness, may be obtained from the conversation that took place between him and Mr. Cathcart, on the occasion above mentioned, and which was communicated by the latter to the secretary of state.

"On the 9th inst. at 3 P. M. I procured an audience, which lasted for about three hours, the bashaw broke silence in a blunt manner and asked me what I wanted. I have come to ask permission to present your excellency with some regalia, as a token of the friendly intention of the President of the United States, and to know when you will be at leisure to receive it. 'Never, by God, never!' said he. 'For what reason?'

"'Because it was not intended for me.' It can never be supposed that the bashaw of Tripoli has occasion for such trifles. Tripoli is different from what it was some years ago.'

"I observed that probably his excellency did not know what the regalia consisted of. 'Yes I do,' said he, 'better than you do; and if it was ten times as valuable I would not receive it. You may send it from whence it came.'

"I now swear by God, my religion, the head of my son Siddi Aly, (who was sitting by him,) and by this right hand, that I will never be at peace with your nation until your president appoints a person to negotiate a treaty with me without the interference of Algiers or any other nation. I now declare your treaty no longer binding, and that

I will declare war against America immediately, if you do not give me assurance that your president will alter the said treaty to my liking, and give me 250,000 dollars as the price of the said new treaty: and that your nation will annually pay me the sum of 20,000, dollars to continue the said new peace after it is made.'

I made use of every argument in my power, which produced no effect whatever. These terms, the bashaw said, were the only ones he had to propose, that the alteration in the treaty he insisted on above every thing else, and swore he would never enter into any negotiation with an agent of the United States, upon any other terms, even was he sure to lose his kingdom, and with it his head. With this he drew his hand horizontally across his gullet. After three hours' litigation, he said he would give us *time*, if we would *pay him well for it*, and demanded 100,000 dollars for six months. At last, the result was, that he would wait eighteen months, if I would give him 18,000 dollars, and assurance that the President of the United States would comply with the rest of his unjust demands. I negatived the whole, as you may well suppose." P. 203, 204.

The reigning bashaw was a usurper, having expelled his brother, Hamet Caramanly, from the sovereignty a few years before. General Eaton having ascertained that the subjects of the usurper were disaffected, and ripe for revolt in favour of the exiled brother, immediately suggested to Mr. Madison, then secretary of state, a project of converting this circumstance into a means of depriving the bashaw of his mischievous power, and restoring a prince, whom gratitude and a milder disposition would incline to a more liberal and pacific system of conduct toward the United States. The plan briefly was, that General Eaton and the exiled bashaw, with such an army as they could raise by means of some pecuniary aid from the United States, should attack the usurper by land, while our naval force in the Mediterranean should coöperate in the enterprise. Being informed that Hamet was at Alexandria in Egypt, Eaton repaired thither, and upon his arrival learned that Hamet could not be engaged in the service without the consent of Elsy Bey, to whom he had attached himself; both of whom were in upper Egypt, acting with the Mameluke Beys against the Ottoman government. With an escort of three officers and fifteen men from the brig Argus, he proceeded up the Nile to Grand

Cairo, where he found the prime minister of Hamet, who immediately despatched a messenger to the Mameluke camp, informing his highness of the general's arrival. In a few days he received an answer, proposing an interview near the Lake Fiaum, on the borders of the desert, and nearly two hundred miles from the sea coast. In repairing to the appointed place, from Alexandria, whither he had returned, it became necessary to pass through the Turkish camp; in attempting which he was arrested, and placed in a very embarrassing situation.

"I left Alexandria with two officers from the Argus, Lieutenant Blake and Mr. Mann, and an escort of 23 men, indifferently mounted, and on the evening of the 23d, found myself arrested at the Turkish lines, between seventy and eighty miles on my rout, by the Kerchief of Damanhour, commanding a detachment of about five hundred Ottoman troops on the frontier. No argument I could devise could at all mollify the severity of his first resolution, *not to let me pass his lines*, though in every thing else he treated us with distinction, and great hospitality. However mortifying the confession, I cannot but applaud the correct military conduct of this chief; for it was, in itself, a suspicious circumstance, that a body of armed unknown foreigners should be found shaping a course for his enemy's rendezvous, with no other pretext than to *search for a refugee bashaw!* But this suspicious circumstance was strengthened and aggravated by the insinuation gone out from the French consul, that *we came into this country with secret views hostile to the Turks*. Our situation here was somewhat perplexing, and vastly unpleasant. I do not recollect ever having found myself on a ground more critical. To the natural jealousy of a Turk, this general added a fierce and savage temper; of course proud and vain. Here was my point of approach. I passed high compliments on the correctness of his military conduct and vigilance. Said it was what I apprehended; and what I certainly would have done myself in similar circumstances. But knowing from character the magnanimity of his soul, I was determined to have an interview with him, in full confidence that he would aid a measure so purely humane, and so manifestly favourable to the Turkish interest in Egypt, in case he could not permit me to pursue my object personally. At the same time recurring to the example of the vice roy, whose letter I had showed him, and signifying that I had it in charge to tender him a docteur in testimony of our exalted opinion of his name and merit; he was moved: said my confidence should

not be disappointed; and called into his tent a chief of the Arab tribes, called *Ou ad Allis*, a wandering host, who have, from time to time, been driven or emigrated from the kingdom of Tripoli, since the usurpation of Joseph Bashaw; to whom he stated my business, and asked if he could give any account of Hamet Bashaw. The young chief, in an ecstasy, exclaimed that he *knew every thing*! I requested him to declare himself; for I had no secret in my relation with that bashaw.

“He added that twenty thousand men, Barbary Arabs, were ready to march with him from this border to recover their native country and inheritance; repeated that *he knew our plan*; and now, that he had seen me, he would pledge his head to the Turkish general to bring me Hamet Bashaw in ten days. The Turk accordingly despatched him the next morning on this message.” P. 289, 290.

A meeting with the bashaw soon took place, and it was resolved to recruit an army immediately, and to march over land, through the desert of Lybia, to the city of Derne, while Captain Hull, with the *Argus*, and two other vessels, was to join them at Bomba, a port about 80 miles to the eastward of Derne, with supplies of provisions and ammunition. The number and component parts of this motley band of adventurers will appear from the following short extract from the general's journal.

“*March 8th.* Arranged our caravan and organized our force which now consisted of nine Americans, including Lieutenant O'Bannon and Mr. Peck, a non-commissioned officer and six private marines; a company of twenty-five cannoniers, commanded by Selim Comb, and Lieutenant Connant and Roco, and a company of thirty-eight Greeks, commanded by Captain Luco Ulovix and Lieutenant Constantine. The Bashaw's suite consisted of about ninety men, including those who came from Fiaume, and those who joined him since his arrival at Alexandria. These, together with a party of Arab cavalry, under the orders of the Cheiks *il Taiib*, and Mahamet, and including the footmen and camel drivers, made our whole number about four hundred. Our caravan consisted of one hundred and seven camels, and a few asses. P. 303.

They had not proceeded a great distance before discontent, disobedience, and revolt, began to interrupt the general concord. The camel drivers insisted upon their pay in advance; the Arab

cavalry became impatient and disheartened, and threatened to go back; and as rumours were almost every day reaching their ears that a powerful army was advancing against them from Tripoli, the unfortunate Hamet himself began to show signs of irresolution and despondency. It was in these trying and perplexing situations that Eaton had opportunities of displaying all the resources of his genius, and of bringing into action all the spirit and energy of his character. In what manner he acquitted himself on these occasions will, in some measure, appear from the two following extracts :

“The Cheik il Taiib excited an insurrection among the Arabs of this place, who had engaged to proceed with us, drew off half their number, and, putting himself at their head, started for Egypt. The Bashaw sent a messenger to me praying that I would despatch an officer to request him, in my name, to return. I answered that no consideration whatever could prevail on me to ask as a favour what I claimed as a right. The services of that chief were due to us : we had paid for them ; and he had pledged his faith to render them with fidelity. It did not belong to him, at this period, to make terms, nor to dictate measures : I should not debase myself to propose an accommodation. The Bashaw was apprehensive that he would turn his influence, and take a part against us. *Let him do it. I like an open enemy better than a treacherous friend. When he shall have taken this ground, it will, perhaps, give me an opportunity to punish eventually, what I would do summarily, if the respect I had for his excellency did not prevent it. I had a rifle and sabre true to their distance.* Carry the message to the chief. He was mad with rage, and swore vengeance against the Bashaw and his Christian sovereigns, as he styled us. I ordered a march. We got under way at half past 7 A. M. At 10 a messenger came from the Cheik to assure us, that he had taken up his march for Behara.

“*Since he has taken that route, I have nothing further with him but to take steps for the recovery of cash and property he has fraudulently drawn from me.* Continued the march. At twelve o'clock another messenger. ‘The Cheik il Taiib will join, if the camp halt seasonably.’ The Bashaw desired, and we halted at half past 12. About an hour and a half after, the Cheik hove in sight with his party : soon after came up ; and, presenting himself at my markee, with visible chagrin in his countenance, said, ‘You see the influence I have among these

people !' 'Yes, and I also see the disgraceful use you make of it.' We gained about five miles to-day.

"*March 28th.* I perceived a manifest reluctance in the Bashaw to advance, and evident calculations for a retrograde march. Joseph Bashaw's forces had seized on all his nerves. He now took from my officers the horses he had given them for the passage through the desert, and gave them to some of his footmen. Drew off his Mahometans, and stood balancing, after the troops were drawn up for the march. I reproached him with indecision, want of perseverance and consistency in arrangement. I demanded the horses for my officers. High words ensued. I ordered the march in front. The Bashaw retrograded. We proceeded in front with the baggage. The Bashaw came up in about two hours; and, making us some compliments for our firmness, said, he was obliged to dissemble an acquiescence in the wishes of his people to render them manageable." P. 310, 311.

When within a few days' march from Bomba, which had been appointed the rendezvous for the supply vessels, a most alarming misunderstanding and contest occurred, which had like not only to have terminated the expedition prematurely, but to have buried the very history of it in oblivion.

April 3th. Marched at 7 A. M. Descended the western declivity of the mountain. At nine called a halt near a cistern of excellent rain water, excavated in a solid rock, at the bottom of a deep ravine, by the torrents of water and small stones which rush down the mountain by this avenue during the rainy season. This was a precious repast to our thirsty pilgrims. I went with a small party to survey the sea coast, and reconnoitre the country, intending to pursue the march as soon as the army should have refreshed themselves. But, during my absence, the Bashaw ordered the camps pitched. On my return I demanded the reason for his so doing. He answered that the exhausted situation of the troops and people required at least one day's repose. I discovered, however, that his real intention was to remain on this ground until a courier should return, which he was about to despatch to Bomba, in quest of our vessels. We had only six days' rations of rice; no bread nor meat, and no small rations. I urged this circumstance as an impulsive reason why the march should continue. He said the Arab chiefs were resolved to proceed no further till the camp shall have recruited themselves by a little repose.

I told him if they preferred famine to fatigue they might have the choice, and ordered their rations stopped. The day passed confusedly among them. At 3 P. M. the Bashaw, compelled by his Arab host, struck his tent, ordered his baggage packed, mounted, and took up a march for Fiaume by the mountain. I waited without emotion the result of this movement; not choosing to betray a concern for ourselves. Discovering, however, an intention in the Arabs to seize our provisions, I beat to arms. My Christians formed a line in front of the magazine tent. Each party held an opposite position, the space of an hour. The Bashaw prevailed on the Arabs to return; they dismounted; and he pitched his tent. Supposing the tumult tranquillized, I ordered the troops to pass the manual exercise, according to our daily practice. In an instant the Arabs took an alarm; remounted, and exclaimed, 'the Christians are preparing to fire on us!' The Bashaw mounted and put himself at their head, apparently impressed with the same apprehension. A body of about two hundred advanced in full charge upon our people, who stood their ground motionless. The enemy withdrew as at small distance, singled out the officers, and, with deliberate aim, cried—*fire!* Some of the Bashaw's officers exclaimed, 'for God's sake do not fire! The Christians are our friends.' Mr. O'Bannon, Mr. Peck, and young Farquhar, stood firmly by me, Selim Aga, (captain of cannoniers,) his Lieutenants, and the two Greek officers, remained steadfast at their posts. The others were agitated, and, in fact, abandoned us. I advanced towards the Bashaw and cautioned him against giving countenance to a desperate act. At once a column of muskets were aimed at my breast. The Bashaw was distracted. A universal clamour drowned my voice. I waved my hand as a signal for attention. At this critical moment some of the Bashaw's officers, and sundry Arab chiefs, rode between us with drawn sabres, and repelled the mutineers. I reproached the Bashaw for his rashness, or rather weakness. His casnadar asked him if he was in his senses. The Bashaw struck him with his naked sabre. The fracas had nearly resumed its rage, when I took the Bashaw by the arm; led him from the crowd, and asked him if he knew his own interests and his friends! He relented: called me his friend and protector; said he was too soon heated; and followed me to my tent, giving orders, at the same time, to his Arabs to disperse. After a moment's breath, he said if I would give orders to issue rice it would quiet every thing. This I would not do on any other condition, than his promise to march tomorrow morning at reveillee beating. He promised, and provisions were issued. Confessions of obligations, and professions of attach-

ment were repeated, as usual, on the part of the Bashaw and his officers; and the camp again resumed its tranquillity. The firm and decided conduct of Mr. O'Bannon, as on all other occasions, did much to deter the violence of the savages, by whom we were surrounded, as well as to support our own dignity of character. After the affair was over, the Bashaw embraced him with an enthusiasm of respect, calling him *the brave American*. The Chevalier Davies, my aid-de-camp, acted a part which I would rather attribute to an amiable disposition, than to weakness of nerve. My doctor behaved decidedly like a coward, and a base one. Mr. Farquhar conducted with manly firmness. One of the Arabs, during the agitation, snapped a pistol at his breast. Happily it missed fire: had it been otherwise, the fire would most probably have become general, and the result serious.

"We find it almost impossible to inspire these wild bigots with confidence in us, or to persuade them that, being Christians, we can be otherwise than enemies to Mussulmen. We have a difficult undertaking." P. 322—324.

Order being finally restored, they proceeded on their march towards Bomba; and in a few days, being almost entirely destitute of provisions, and even of water, they had the transporting joy of seeing the *Argus*, the *Hornet*, and the *Nautilus*, cast anchor in the bay. After remaining here a few days to recruit the strength and spirits of their half famished and disheartened troops, and concerting measures for seizing on the city of Derne, the governor of which had declared his allegiance and fidelity to the reigning bashaw, they resumed their march with renewed vigour, and took post on an eminence overlooking this devoted town. The following extract exhibits a lively picture of the battle and storm.

"On the morning of the 25th, we took post on an eminence in the rear of Derne. Several chiefs came out to meet the Bashaw, with assurances of fealty and attachment. By them I learned that the city was divided into three departments; two of which were in the interests of the Bashaw, and one in opposition. This department, though fewest in numbers, was strongest in position and resource, being defended by a battery of eight guns, the blind walls of the houses, which are provided in all directions with loop holes for musketry, and by temporary parapets thrown up in several positions, not covered by the battery; this department is the nearest the sea, and the residence of the Bey. On the morning of the

26th, terms of amity were offered the Bey, on condition of allegiance and fidelity. The flag of truce was sent back to me with this laconic answer, 'My head or yours!'—at 2 P. M. discovered the Nautilus, and spoke her at six. At 6 in the morning of the 27th, the Argus and Hornet appeared and stood in. I immediately put the army in motion, and advanced toward the city. A favourable land breeze enabled the Nautilus and Hornet to approach the shore, which is a steep and rugged declivity of rocks. With much difficulty we landed, and drew up the precipice one of the field pieces; both were sent in the boat for the purpose, but the apprehension of losing this favourable moment of attack induced me to leave one on board. We advanced to our positions. A fire commenced on the shipping. Lieutenant Evans stood in, and anchoring within one hundred yards of the battery, opened a well-directed fire. Lieutenant Dant dropped in, and anchored in a position to bring his guns to bear on the battery and city. And Captain Commandant Hull brought the Argus to anchor a little south of the Nautilus, so near as to throw her 24 pound shot quite into the town. A detachment of six American marines, a company of 24 cannoniers, and another of 26 Greeks, including their proper officers, all under the immediate command of Lieutenant O'Bannon, together with a few Arabs on foot, had a position on an eminence opposite to a considerable party of the enemy, who had taken post behind their temporary parapets, and in a ravine at the S. E. quarter of the town. The Bashaw seized an old castle which overlooked the town on the S. S. W., disposing his cavalry upon the plains in the rear. A little before 2 P. M. the fire became general in all quarters where Tripolitans and Americans were opposed to each other. In three quarters of an hour the battery was silenced, but not abandoned; though most of the enemy withdrew precipitately from that quarter and joined the party opposed to the handful of Christians with me, which appeared our most vulnerable point. Unfortunately the fire of our field piece was relaxed by the rammer being shot away. The fire of the enemy's musketry became too warm, and continually augmenting. Our troops were thrown into confusion: and undisciplined as they were, it was impossible to reduce them to order. I perceived a charge our dernier and only resort. We rushed forward against a host of savages, more than ten to our one. They fled from their coverts irregularly, firing in retreat from every palm tree and partition wall in their way. At this moment I received a ball through my left wrist, which deprived me of the use of the hand, and, of course, of my rifle. Mr. O'Bannon, accompanied by Mr. Mann of

Annapolis, urged forward with his marines, Greeks, and such of the cannoniers as were not necessary to the management of the field piece, passed through a shower of musketry from the walls of houses, took possession of the battery, planted the American flag upon its ramparts, and turned its guns upon the enemy; who, being now driven from their outposts, fired only from their houses, from which they were soon dislodged by the whole fire of the vessels, which was suspended during the charge, being directed into them. The Bashaw soon got possession of the Bey's palace; his cavalry flanked the flying enemy; and a little after four o'clock we had complete possession of the town. The action lasted about two hours and a half. The Bey took refuge, first in a mosque, and then in a hiram, the most sacred of sanctuaries among the Turks; and is still there: but we shall find means to draw him thence. As he is the third man in rank in the kingdom, he may, perhaps, be used in exchange for Captain Bainbridge." P. 336—339.

Though driven from the walls of Derne, yet the enemy did not suffer the allies to remain in peaceable and secure possession of their conquest. Reinforcements were daily arriving at the bashaw's camp, from Tripoli; and several furious attacks were made on the garrison, in which many were killed on both sides. Eaton, however, maintained his position in spite of all their efforts to dislodge him; but he soon began to find, "*that without the aid of regular troops, to be debarked from the squadron, or procured elsewhere,*" it would be impossible to succeed in the great object of the expedition. He began to perceive, also, that Hamet was deficient in military talent and firmness; though, indeed, he afterwards acknowledges, that he had been a little premature in forming this opinion. He was satisfied, however, that Hamet was no general.

While remaining in this embarrassing situation, the enemy's camp becoming daily more formidable, and his own army, from the want of money, and other resources, acquiring no augmentation, he received intelligence that Colonel Lear, our commissioner for that purpose, had arranged a treaty of peace with the Bashaw of Tripoli. This information involved him in new perplexities, and rendered the situation of Caramanly truly forlorn. All, however, that Eaton could do, was to remonstrate against this measure, as unfair and impolitic. He insisted that it was a violation of good faith toward those who had embarked in this arduous

enterprise, and contrary to sound policy, both as it regarded the reputation of his countrymen, and the permanent interest of the United States.

"Our negotiator," said Eaton, "ought to have considered that Hamet Bashaw's was the popular cause, and that his cause is fast gaining ground in Barbary. It was the cause of liberty, of freedom. He ought to have considered that to cede the advantageous position we held, could not but make the desire of peace appear too much like an object with us, and could not but leave an impression of weakness, or want of spirit, on our character. Thus, though it was our business, and though we had most amply the means to dismantle the enemy, we have established him in a more safe situation to do us and mankind mischief than he possessed before the war; for, by expelling his rival, we have relieved him of his most dangerous adversary."

In answer to this, it was observed by Commodore Barron, who commanded the naval force, that in sanctioning the expedition by land, our government did not contemplate it as a measure leading necessarily and absolutely to a reinstatement of Hamet Caramanly; but principally as an instrument of compelling the reigning bashaw to come to terms of accommodation advantageous to the United States; and by that means obtain the liberation of our unfortunate countrymen, who had been captured in the frigate Philadelphia. It was admitted, however, by Mr. Lear, that the heroic bravery of the handful of Americans, who had been led so gallantly by Eaton, to the capture of Derne, had made a deep impression on the bashaw; and advantage having been taken of this circumstance to represent the army of the general as very great, and his supplies and resources immense, the bashaw had consented to listen to reasonable terms of accommodation.

Peace being absolutely concluded, by which it was stipulated, that in case the unfortunate Hamet should withdraw quietly from the bashaw's dominions, his wife and family should be restored to him; all that now remained for Eaton to perform, was to embark with his Americans in one of our frigates, together with Caramanly, and leave his followers to their fate.

B.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES, &c.

A Comparison between Thomson and Cowper as Descriptive Poets.

[From the Reflector.]

No descriptive poem in any language has obtained equal popularity with the *Seasons* of Thomson, a work of which the description of rural nature was the proper subject, while moral and philosophical sentiment was its appendage and decoration. It was happily calculated to please as well those whose imaginations were readily impressed with the sublime and beautiful, as those whose hearts were alive to feelings of tenderness and humanity. It found so many readers, that probably no single circumstance has contributed so much to that love of the country, and taste for the charms of nature, which peculiarly characterize the inhabitants of this island, as the early associations formed by the perusal of this poem. It also, like all popular compositions, drew after it a current of imitation; and it was the model of that exact style of painting which is discernible in the performances of most of our later descriptive and didactic poets.

This style is a distinguishing feature of that very singular and original poem, the *Task*, a work, the numberless beauties of which have acquired it a popularity scarcely inferior to that of the *Seasons*; and have secured it a permanent place among the select productions of English poetry. Whether it is more properly to be arranged in the descriptive or the didactic class, is a question of little moment; but considering it as possessing peculiar excellence in the first of these characters, it may be an interesting topic of critical discussion to compare the different manners of the *Task* and the *Seasons* in the description of natural objects, and to estimate their several merits.

To select a variety of circumstances which shall identify the object, and at the same time present it to the imagination in strong and lively colouring, is the essence of poetical description. The qualities enumerated must not be so lax and general as to apply equally to several species of things; (which is the ordinary fault of the oriental manner of delineating); nor yet so methodically pre-

cise as the descriptions in natural history, which are addressed more to the intellect than to the imagination. Grand and sublime objects are best described by a few bold touches; for greatness is lost by being parcelled into minute portions; but objects of beauty and curiosity will bear to be viewed microscopically; and if the particulars are skilfully chosen, the effect is enhanced by distinctness. It is also desirable that the circumstances should be suggested by personal observation, else the picture will, probably, be defective in accuracy, or at least will be marked with the faintness of a copy from another's conceptions.

No poetical artist can well venture to draw with minuter strokes than Thomson has done in the delineations of rural scenery and occupations which constitute the proper matter or staple of his poem, and which are generally both pleasing to contemplate and happily selected for the purpose of characterizing the season. It would be difficult to determine whether the grand or the agreeable objects presented by nature were most congenial to his disposition. If his imagination was captivated by the former, his heart inclined him to the latter, especially to such as called forth kind and benevolent emotions; and as those offered themselves most copiously to his observation, they occur most frequently in his poem. His scenes of sublimity are chiefly taken from the polar and tropical regions, in depicting which, he only transcribes (with a poetical pen and fancy, indeed,) the descriptions of travellers. His home scenery seems to have been almost entirely suggested by his own remarks, first made when he was a youth on the banks of the Tweed, and afterward enlarged when he was a guest or an inhabitant in some of the finest parts of England. As he rejected no objects, however trivial, which could serve to mark the season he was describing, he appears to have thought it incumbent upon him, in order to support the dignity of verse, to intermix the figures and phraseology of the higher kinds of poetry; and to this he was particularly induced by the character of blank verse, in which he composed; for this species, being so little distinguished from prose by its measure, had acquired, in the practice of several eminent writers, an artificial stateliness of diction, more remote from common speech than the usual heroic rhyme couplet. This mixture of high-wrought language with a humble topic is one of the peculiar features of Thomson's style in descriptive poetry. A few examples will illustrate the manner of this combination.

In *Summer* a picture is given of hay making, in which the various operations of that pleasing rural labour are minutely represented. The following lines are part of the description:

E'en stooping age is here, and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load

O'ercharg'd, amid the *kind oppression* roll.

* * * * *

———— all in a row

Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the *breathing harvest* to the sun.

In the autumnal scene of the hare hunt, when the poor animal
is put up—

* * * she springs amaz'd, and all

The *savage soul of game* is up at once.

The stag, in similar circumstances,

Gives *all his swift ærial soul* to flight.

When a herd of cattle has taken alarm from the attack of a
swarm of gad-flies—

* * * tossing the foam,

They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Thro' *all the bright severity of noon*.

All these quotations afford examples of that abstraction or generalization which is one of the distinctions of poetical language, and which, when in unison with the subject and ordinary strain of the diction, often produces a very happy effect. How far it does so in the preceding passages, the reader may determine according to his own feelings. To me, while the two last appear not only excusable, but worthy of admiration, the former give the perception of turgidity and ill-applied effort. The following lines in the description of the vintage, afford a singular mixture of vulgar and lofty phraseology :—

Then comes the *crushing swain*, the *country floats*
And *foams unbounded* with the *marshy flood*,
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the *rais'd nations* pours the *cup of joy*.

There are few pages of the Seasons which do not present somewhat of this combination of elevated language with common matter, which, whatever critical judgment be passed upon it, must be regarded as characteristic of the author's manner.

Another artifice which he employs to give dignity to a humble topic, is to annex to it moral sentiment, and, as it were, *humanize* the animal natures concerned in the scene. Thus, where he has

perhaps descended the lowest—in his description of a spider catching flies in a window, this insect is termed

The *villain* spider * * cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd!

He is afterwards called *the ruffian*; and the victim fly, *the dreadless wanderer*; and the whole action is minutely told in a tragical style that would suit the murder of a Duncan or a Clarence. In like manner, the bear, seeking his winter retreat, is endowed with a human soul:—

* * with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his breast against assailing want.

Whatever be thought of these particular examples, it is presumed that no reader of sensibility will object to the pleasing details of the *passion of the groves*, though in some instances the writer may have assigned to his feathered pairs feelings which only belong to human lovers.

The frequent use of compound epithets is another circumstance by which Thomson's diction is strongly marked. These are elliptical modes of expression, by means of which, qualities or attributes are annexed to a subject in the most concise form possible. The effect of this compression is often truly poetical, a striking idea being excited by a single word, which it would take a line to convey in detail. It is, however, a license in language, and when arbitrarily framed, with no regard to grammatical propriety, is apt to give offence to a correct taste. This is the case when the two parts of the compound have no natural connexion, or stand in no relation to each other of substantive and attribute, or of cause and effect. Thus, in the *Seasons*, *blood-happy*, meaning happy in the taste of blood; *thick-nibbling*, standing close and nibbling; *pale-quivering*, pale and quivering; *fair-exposed*, fair and exposed; seem examples of harsh and vicious formation. In many instances the compounding is effected merely by using an adjective adverbially, as, *wild-throbbing*, for wildly throbbing; *loose-floating*, for loosely floating; where too little appears to be gained to justify the license. Upon the whole, Thompson's employment of this device to render language poetical, may justly be termed excessive; and it is so characteristic of his style, that Brown, in his "Pipe of Tobacco," has personated this poet chiefly by his compound epithets:

* * * forth issue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
And many-mining fires.

To speak of Thomson generally as a descriptive poet, it may then be said, that in choice of subjects, he rejects none that can be rendered pleasing and impressive, and that he paints with a circumstantial minuteness that gives the objects clear and distinct to the imagination; that with respect to diction, he is usually expressive and energetic, with frequent touches of truly poetic imagery, but occasionally verging to the turgid and cumbrous, particularly when he is desirous of elevating a humble topic by a pomp of phrase. It may be added, that no poet before him ever viewed nature either so extensively or so accurately; and that a benevolent heart, and a soul tutored by philosophy, and impressed by the sentiments of a pure and enlarged theology, continually animate his pictures of rural life.

Of the merit of this versification, different ears have judged very differently. That his lines sometimes move heavily beneath an overweight of matter, and that they are occasionally harsh and unmelodious, is sufficiently perceptible; but, considering the length of his poem, such defects may be excused; and the general flow of his strain appears to me equal in harmony to that of most composers of blank verse, though rarely attaining excellence. As he is said to have been a very uncouth reader of his own lines, it is probable that his musical perceptions were not remarkably nice.

Thomson still bore the palm of descriptive poetry, and his manner was the principal object of imitation, when Cowper, who had failed of exciting attention by a volume of poems displaying abundant genius, but in a repulsive garb, burst on the public with his *Task*. This work, without professed subject or plan, consists of a mixture of description, chiefly rural, and of moral and religious sentiment, each introduced as it seems to have suggested itself to the mind of the author, with no other connexion than casual association. Educated at a public school, and afterwards initiated in the school of the world; of a temper frank and undisguised; naturally inclined to hilarity, but with great inequality of spirits, which at length plunged him into a morbid melancholy, and rendered him the victim of a gloomy and appalling system of religion; kind and benevolent in his feelings, but converted by principle to a keen and caustic censor of life and manners; long consigned to a retirement in which his chief employment and solace was the contemplation of nature; Cowper brought a very extraordinary assemblage of qualities, moral and intellectual, to give direction to a genius of the first order. A free converse with men of the world, and an abhorrence of every thing like affectation, in language as well as in manners, had formed him to a style purely English, not disdaining a mixture of common words, and rendered poetical, not by a lofty cant, but by expressions warmed with the

vivid imagery that played before his fancy. Equally minute and circumstantial with Thompson in his mode of description, and by no means fastidious in his choice of subjects, in which he was partly influenced by a strong relish for humour, as well as a taste for the beautiful and sublime, he sometimes paints in a manner resembling the Dutch or Flemish school, but always with touches of the true picturesque. When his subject is low, he is content to leave it so, without any effort to raise it by the ambitious ornaments of artificial diction, secure of interesting his reader by the truth and liveliness of his delineation. Thus in his picture of the Woodman, which has been happily transferred to canvass, not a word is employed that rises above the matter, yet the language could present no other terms equally expressive;

Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropt short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow, and now with many a frisk
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right towards the mark, nor stops for aught
But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,
'T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose. The trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

The Carrier, in a snow-storm,

With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm,

is a draught of the same kind, something more bordering on the Dutch style, but perfect as a copy of reality. In both these passages, words are found which could not have suggested themselves to Thomson; or if they had, would scarcely have been admitted; yet what reader of true taste would change them? This masculine vigour of vernacular diction, which is characteristic of Cowper's style, and in which he resembles Dryden, by no means precludes (any more than it did in that poet) the highest degree of grace and elegance, when those qualities are congenial with the subject. What can surpass in gracefulness of language, as well as in beauty of imagery, his enumeration of plants in the flowering shrubbery? The tall guelder-rose

——— throwing up into the darkest gloom
 Of neighb'ring cypress, or more sable yew,
 Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
 That the wind severs from the broken wave.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * luxuriant above all

The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more,
 The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.

If the passage in which these lines are contained be compared with a resembling one in Thomson, describing the flowers that blow from early Spring to Summer, it will appear, that whilst the latter poet attempts little more than to annex to each some mark of distinction properly belonging to it, the former associates with the subject of his description some idea of the imagination which enhances its effect by parallelism. Nothing denotes the mind of a poet so much as this operation of the fancy when objects are presented to the external senses.

That Thomson was in general an exact, as well as a minute, observer of nature, is evinced in almost every page of the Seasons; yet there are some instances in which Cowper, touching upon the same circumstances with him, has displayed superior correctness. Thus where Thomson, with a truly picturesque selection of incidents, represents the effects of a hard frost, he augments the real wonders of the scene by painting a cascade as if it were congealed into ice at the instant of falling:

* * * the dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar.

But this is an impossibility, and is regarded as such by Cowper, who has formed a beautiful frost-picture from the opposite appearances. Speaking of a stream stealing away beneath its frozen surface, he says,—

Not so, where scornful of a check, it leaps
 The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
 And wantons in the pebbly gulf below.
 No frost can bind it there: its utmost force
 Can but arrest the light and smoky mist
 That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.

In this passage, too, Cowper is more accurate in the silent, stealthy flow of the frost-bound stream, than Thomson, who, pro-

bably for the sake of poetical effect, represents it as indignantly murmuring at its chains:—

The whole imprison'd river grows below.

Cowper's exactness was probably owing to his having been, from his situation, an observer of nature at an advanced period of life, when the novelty of common objects being exhausted, the rural solitary is reduced to pry more closely into surrounding scenes, in order to excite a new interest in them. Hence, his observations are commonly of a more curious and recondite kind than those of Thomson, who usually takes what lies obvious upon the surface of things. Every reader of the seasons has admired the pleasing description of the red-breast, "paying to trusted man his annual visit;" it is recognised for perfect nature, because every one has witnessed the reality: but few in their winter walks have made those remarks on the same bird which dictated to Cowper the following lines:—

The red-breast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes and more than half suppress'd,
Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
'That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.

This picture is equally natural with the former, and has the additional merit of furnishing new images to the fancy. It was from such a mature and deliberate study of nature that Mr. White, of Selborne, derived that store of curious observations, which he has presented in the most entertaining miscellany of natural history that was ever composed.

Both of these poets occasionally employ personification, which is a kind of abstract and comprehensive description. To the poet of the Seasons it was an obvious piece of mechanism that each should make its entrance as a living figure; distinguished by some characteristics of that portion of the year of which it was the harbinger; but it cannot be said that in these draughts he has displayed much fancy. The epithet of "ethereal Mildness," which he gives to Spring presents no visual image; and it has been justly objected by Miss Seward, that the "shower of shadowing roses," in which she descends is an usurpation upon the property of Summer. To Summer is assigned nothing more than "refulgent youth," and an "ardent look." Autumn has the common bearings of the sickle and wheaten leaf, with which he, or she, is oddly said to be "crowned:" and Winter is only marked

by the qualities of gloom and surliness. The other sketches of personification in his poem are too slight to merit notice.

The case is very different with Cowper. His powerful imagination was equal to those *creative* exertions which are, perhaps, the highest triumph of poetry; and though his purpose in the *Task* did not urge him to frequent attempts of this kind, yet he has exhibited specimens which, in grandeur and elegance, have scarcely ever been surpassed. His personified figures of Winter and of Evening, will justify this assertion to every reader susceptible of the charms of pure poetry; and, I think, clearly establish his claim to a higher seat on Parnassus than that occupied by Thomson.

The descriptive matter in the *Seasons* is diversified by some little history pieces, the subjects of which have a reference to that part of the year in which they are introduced. It is generally admitted that the style of Thomson is little suited to the narrative of common life. Destitute of ease, and wholly unlike the language of real conversation, it proves an awkward vehicle for the dialogue and incidents of story telling: and though an interest is excited by the pathetic of the circumstances, as in the maid struck by lightning, and the man lost in the snow, it owes nothing to the manner of narration. Cowper, on the contrary, was a master in this style. He perfectly understood common speech, and could readily accommodate his phraseology to his subject. The touching story of Crazy Kate, and the various passages in which he alludes to the melancholy history of his own life, are examples of the true natural mode of narrating; of which many more instances might be adduced from his other poems.

As the versification of Thomson has been mentioned, it will be proper, by way of comparison, to say something of that of Cowper. His blank verse is in general the apparently negligent effusion of one who, pouring out his thoughts in exuberance, does not long study to put them into measure. But he evidently possessed a musical and practised ear; and his irregularities are not always without design. It is known that in his version of Homer he paid very particular attention to the melody of his lines and its adaptation to the subject; and if, in the *Task*, his mind was more occupied with the sentiments, there are not wanting passages the flow of which is remarkably harmonious. One example shall suffice for a proof of his talent in this respect:—

How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet! now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on.

A fine ear is, then, another poetical requisite in which nature seems to have been more liberal to Cowper than to Thomson. It would, perhaps, be easy to quote from the latter, instances in which harsh or appalling sounds are happily imitated, for our language abounds with words which echo tones of that class: but to make English verse "discourse eloquent music," is a much more difficult task.

Such appear to me to be the principal characteristics of these two original poets in that delineation of natural objects and the incidents of rural life, for which both are so justly admired. Thomson is so far entitled to the first place, that if his minute style of painting had not obtained admission into English poetry, the descriptions in the *Task* would probably never have existed; yet Cowper cannot be denominated an imitator in them, since his manner is entirely his own, and the objects he has represented were evidently suggested by individual observation. Between the two poems no comparison can subsist; for, while the *Seasons* is the completion of an extensive plan, necessarily comprising a great variety of topics, most of which would occur to every poetical mind occupied in the same design, the *Task* owes nothing to a preconceived argument, but is the extemporaneous product of the very singular mind and genius of the author. It had no model, and can have no parallel.

J. A.

EDMUND BURKE.

[These remarks on the character and genius of Burke are extracted from a collection of parliamentary speeches, by William Hazlitt, entitled the *Eloquence of the British Senate*. They are prefixed to Burke's celebrated speech on economical reformation.]

The following speech is, perhaps, the fairest specimen I could give of Mr. Burke's various talents as a speaker; his wisdom, his imagination, his wit, and playfulness of fancy. The subject itself is not the most interesting, nor does it admit of that weight and closeness of reasoning which he displayed on other occasions. But there is no single speech which can convey a satisfactory idea of his powers of mind: to do him justice, it would be necessary to quote all his works; the only specimen of Burke is, *all that he wrote*. With respect to most other speakers, a specimen is generally enough, or more than enough. When you are acquainted with their manner, and see what proficiency they have made in

the mechanical exercise of their profession, with what facility they can borrow a simile, or round a period, how dexterously they can argue, and object, and rejoin, you are satisfied; there is no other difference in their speeches than what arises from the difference of the subjects. But this was not the case with Burke. He brought his subjects along with him; he drew his materials from himself. The only limits which circumscribed his variety were the stores of his own mind. His stock of ideas did not consist of a few meager facts, meagerly stated, or half a dozen common-places tortured in a thousand different ways: but his mine of wealth was a profound understanding, inexhaustible as the human heart, and various as the sources of nature. He, therefore, enriched every subject to which he applied himself, and new subjects were only the occasions of calling forth fresh powers of mind which had not been before exerted. It would, therefore, be in vain to look for the proof of his powers in any one of his speeches or writings: they all contain some additional proof of power. In speaking of Burke, then, I shall speak of the whole compass and circuit of his mind; not of that small part or section of him which I have been able to give: to do otherwise would be like the story of the man who put the brick in his pocket, thinking to show it as the model of a house. I have been able to manage pretty well with respect to all my other speakers, and curtailed them down without remorse. It was easy to reduce them within certain limits, to fix their spirit, and condense their variety; by having a certain quantity given, you might infer all the rest; it was only the same thing over again. But who can bind Proteus, or confine the roving flight of genius?

Burke's writings are better than his speeches, and indeed his speeches are writings. But he seemed to feel himself more at ease, to have a fuller possession of his faculties in addressing the public, than in addressing the house of commons. Burke was raised into public life; and he seems to have been prouder of this new dignity than became so great a man. For this reason most of his speeches have a sort of parliamentary preamble to them: there is an air of affected modesty, and ostentatious trifling in them: he seems fond of coquetting with the house of commons, and is perpetually calling the speaker out to dance a minuet with him, before he begins. There is also something like an attempt to stimulate the superficial dulness of his hearers by exciting their surprise, by running into extravagance; and he sometimes demeans himself by condescending to what may be considered as bordering too much upon buffoonery, for the amusement of the company. Those lines of Milton were admirably applied to him by some one—"The elephant to make them sport wreathed his proboscis lithe." The truth is, that he was out of his place in the house of commons; he was eminently qualified to shine as a man of ge-

nus, as the instructor of mankind, as the brightest luminary of his age: but he had nothing in common with that motley crew of knights, citizens, and burgesses. He could not be said to be "native and endued unto that element." He was above it; and never appeared like himself but when, forgetful of the idle clamours of party, and of the little views of little men, he appealed to his country, and the enlightened judgment of mankind.

I am not going to make an idle panegyric on Burke, (he has no need of it;) but I cannot help looking upon him as the chief boast and ornament of the English house of commons. What has been said of him is, I think, strictly true, that "he was the most eloquent man of his time: his wisdom was greater than his eloquence." The only public man that in my opinion can be put in any competition with him, is lord Chatham: and he moved in a sphere so very remote, that it is almost impossible to compare them. But though it would, perhaps, be difficult to determine which of them excelled most in this particular way, there is nothing in the world more easy than to point out in what their peculiar excellences consisted. They were in every respect the reverse of each other. Chatham's eloquence was popular: his wisdom was altogether plain and practical. Burke's eloquence was that of the poet; of the man of high and unbounded fancy: his wisdom was profound and contemplative. Chatham's eloquence was calculated to make men *act*; Burke's was calculated to make them *think*. Chatham could have roused the fury of a multitude, and wielded their physical energy as he pleased: Burke's eloquence carried conviction into the mind of the retired and lonely student, opened the recesses of the human breast, and lighted up the face of nature around him. Chatham supplied his hearers with motives to immediate action: Burke furnished them with *reasons* for action, which might have little effect on them at the time, but for which they would be the wiser and better all their lives after. In research, in originality, in variety of knowledge, in richness of invention, in depth and comprehension of mind, Burke had as much the advantage of lord Chatham as he was excelled by him in plain common sense, in strong feeling, in steadiness of purpose, in vehemence, in warmth, in enthusiasm, and energy of mind. Burke was the man of genius, of fine sense, and subtile reasoning; Chatham was a man of clear understanding, of strong sense, and violent passions. Burke's mind was satisfied with speculation; Chatham's was essentially *active*: it could not rest without an object. The power which governed Burke's mind was his Imagination; that which gave its *impetus* to Chatham's was Will. The one was almost the creature of pure intellect, the other of physical temperament.

There are two very different ends which a man of genius may propose to himself either in writing or speaking, and which will

accordingly give birth to very different styles. He can have but one of these two objects; either to enrich or strengthen the mind; either to furnish us with new ideas, to lead the mind into new trains of thought, to which it was before unused, and which it was incapable of striking out for itself; or else to collect and embody what we already knew, to rivet our old impressions more deeply; to make what was before plain still plainer, and to give to that which was familiar all the effect of novelty. In the one case we receive an accession to the stock of our ideas; in the other, an additional degree of life and energy is infused into them: our thoughts continue to flow in the same channels, but their pulse is quickened and invigorated. I do not know how to distinguish these different styles better than by calling them severally the inventive and refined, or the impressive and vigorous styles. It is only the subject matter of eloquence, however, which is allowed to be remote or obscure. The things in themselves may be subtle and recondite, but they must be dragged out of their obscurity, and brought struggling to the light; they must be rendered plain and palpable, (as far as it is in the wit of man to do so,) or they are no longer eloquence. That which by its natural impenetrability, and in spite of every effort, remains dark and difficult, which is impervious to every ray, on which the imagination can shed no lustre, which can be clothed with no beauty, is not a subject for the orator or poet. At the same time it cannot be expected that abstract truths or profound observations should ever be placed in the same strong and dazzling points of view as natural objects and mere matters of fact. It is enough if they receive a reflex and borrowed lustre, like that which cheers the first dawn of morning, where the effect of surprise and novelty gilds every object and the joy of beholding another world gradually emerging out of the gloom of night, "a new creation rescued from his reign," fills the mind with a sober rapture. Philosophical eloquence is in writing what *chiaro scuro* is in painting; he would be a fool who should object that the colours in the shaded part of a picture were not so bright as those on the opposite side; the eye of the connoisseur receives an equal delight from both, balancing the want of brilliancy and effect with the greater delicacy of the tints, and difficulty of the execution. In judging of Burke, therefore, we are to consider, first, the style of eloquence which he adopted, and, secondly, the effects which he produced with it. If he did not produce the same effects on vulgar minds as some others have done, it was not for want of power, but from the turn and direction of the mind.* It was because his subjects, his ideas,

* For instance: he produced less effect on the mob that compose the English house of commons than Chatham or Fox, or even Pitt; and he produced less effect on the mob that compose the English public than Paine or Joel Barlow, at least at the time.

his arguments, were less vulgar. The question is not whether he brought certain truths equally *home* to us, but how much nearer he brought them than they were before. In my opinion, he united the two extremes of refinement and strength in a higher degree than any other writer whatever.

The subtilty of his mind was, undoubtedly, that which rendered Burke a less popular writer and speaker than he otherwise would have been. It weakened the impression of his observations upon others; but I cannot admit that it weakened the observations themselves;—that it took any thing from their real weight and solidity. Coarse minds think all that is subtle, futile; that because it is not gross and obvious, and palpable to the senses, it is therefore light and frivolous, and of no importance in the real affairs of life; thus making their own confined understandings the measure of truth, and supposing that whatever they do not distinctly perceive is nothing. Seneca, who was not one of the vulgar, also says, that subtile truths are those which have the least substance in them, and consequently approach nearest to non-entity. But for my own part I cannot help thinking that the most important truths must be the most refined and subtle; for that very reason, that they must comprehend a greater number of particulars, and, instead of referring to any distinct or positive fact, must point out the combined effects of an extensive chain of causes, operating gradually, remotely, and collectively, and, therefore, imperceptibly. General principles are not the less true or important because, from their nature, they elude immediate observation; they are like the air, which is not the less necessary because we neither see nor feel it, or like that secret influence which binds the world together and holds the planets in their orbits. The very same persons, who are the most forward to laugh at all systematic reasoning as idle and impertinent, you will, the next moment, hear exclaiming bitterly against the baleful effects of new-fangled systems of philosophy, or gravely descanting on the immense importance of instilling sound principles of morality into the mind. It would not be a bold conjecture, but an obvious truism to say, that all the great changes which have been brought about in the moral world, either for the better or worse, have been introduced, not by the bare statement of facts, which are things already known, and which must always operate nearly in the same manner, but by the development of certain opinions and abstract principles of reasoning on life and manners, on the origin of society and man's nature in general, which being obscure and uncertain, vary from time to time, and produce correspondent changes in the human mind. They are the wholesome dew and rain, or mildew and pestilence that silently destroy. To this principle of generalization all religious

creeds, the institutions of wise lawgivers, and the systems of philosophers, owe their influence.

It has always been with me a test of the sense and candour of any one belonging to the opposite party, whether he allowed Burke to be a great man. Of all the persons of this description that I have ever known, I never met with above one or two who would make this concession; whether it was that party feelings ran too high to admit of any real candour, or whether it was owing to an essential vulgarity in their habits of thinking, they all seemed to be of opinion that he was a wild enthusiast, or a hollow sophist, who was to be answered by bits of facts, by smart logic, by shrewd questions, and idle songs. They looked upon him as a man of disordered intellects, because he reasoned in a style to which they had not been used, and which confounded their dim perceptions. If you said, that though you differed with him in sentiment, yet you thought him an admirable reasoner, and a close observer of human nature, you were answered with a loud laugh, and some hackneyed quotation. "Alas! Leviathan was not so tamed!" They did not know whom they had to contend with. The corner stone, which the builders rejected, became the head corner, though to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness; for, indeed, I cannot discover that he was much better understood by those of his own party, if we judge from the little affinity there is between his mode of reasoning and theirs. The simple clew to all his reasonings on this subject is, I think, as follows: He did not agree with some writers, that that mode of government is necessarily the best which is the cheapest. He saw in the construction of society other principles at work, and other capacities of fulfilling the desires, and perfecting the nature of man, beside those of securing the equal enjoyment of the means of animal life, and doing this at as little expense as possible. He thought that the wants and happiness of man were not to be provided for, as we provide for those of a herd of cattle, merely by attending to their physical necessities. He thought more nobly of his fellows. He knew that man had affections and passions, and powers of imagination, as well as hunger and thirst, and the sense of heat and cold. He took his idea of political society from the pattern of private life, wishing, as he himself expresses it, to incorporate the domestic charities with the orders of the state, and to blend them together. He strove to establish an analogy between the compact that binds together the community at large, and that which binds together the several families that compose it. He knew that the rules that form the basis of private morality are not founded in reason, that is, in the abstract properties of those things which are the subjects of them, but in the nature of man, and his capacity of being affected by

certain things from habit, from imagination, and sentiment, as well as from reason.

Thus, the reason why a man ought to be attached to his wife and children, is not, surely, that they are better than others, (for in this case every one else ought to be of the same opinion,) but because he must be chiefly interested in those things which are nearest to him, and with which he is best acquainted, since his understanding cannot reach equally to every thing; because he must be most attached to those objects which he has known the longest, and which, by their situation, have actually affected him the most, not those which in themselves are the most affecting, whether they have ever made any impression on him or no; that is, because he is by his nature the creature of habit and feeling, and because it is reasonable that he should act in conformity to his nature. He was, therefore, right in saying, that it is no objection to an institution, that it is founded in *prejudice*, but the contrary, if that prejudice is natural and right; that is, if it arises from those circumstances which are properly subjects of feeling and association, not from any defect or perversion of the understanding in those things which fall properly under its jurisdiction. On this profound maxim he took his stand. Thus he contended, that the prejudice in favour of nobility was natural and proper, and fit to be encouraged by the positive institutions of society; not on account of the real or personal merit of the individuals, but because such an institution has a tendency to enlarge and raise the mind, to keep alive the memory of past greatness, to connect the different ages of the world together, to carry back the imagination over a long tract of time, and feed it with the contemplation of remote events: because it is natural to think highly of that which inspires us with high thoughts, which has been connected for many generations with splendour and affluence, and dignity, and power, and permanence. He also conceived, that by transferring the respect from the person to the thing, and thus rendering it steady and permanent, the mind would be habitually formed to sentiments of deference, attachment, and fealty, to whatever else demanded its respect: that it would be led to fix its view on what was elevated and lofty, and be weaned from that low and narrow jealousy which never willingly or heartily admits of any superiority in others, and is glad of every opportunity to bring down all excellence to a level with its own miserable standard. Nobility did not, therefore, exist to the prejudice of the other orders of the state, but by, and for them. The inequality of the different orders of society did not destroy the unity and harmony of the whole. The health and well-being of the moral world was to be promoted by the same means as the beauty of the natural world; by contrast, by change, by light and

shade, by variety of parts, by order, and proportion. To think of reducing all mankind to the same insipid level, seemed to him the same absurdity as to destroy the inequalities of surface in a country, for the benefit of agriculture and commerce. In short, he believed that the interests of men in society should be consulted, and their several stations and employments assigned, with a view to their nature, not as physical but as moral beings, so as to nourish their hopes, to lift their imagination, to enliven their fancy, to rouse their activity, to strengthen their virtue, and to furnish the greatest number of objects of pursuit, and means of enjoyment to beings constituted as man is, consistently with the order and stability of the whole.

The same reasoning might be extended further. I do not say that his arguments are conclusive: but they are profound and *true*, as far as they go. There may be disadvantages and abuses necessarily interwoven with his scheme, or opposite advantages of infinitely greater value, to be derived from another order of things and state of society. This, however, does not invalidate either the truth or importance of Burke's reasoning; since the advantages he points out as connected with the mixed form of government are really and necessarily inherent in it; since they are compatible in the same degree with no other; since the principle itself on which he rests his argument (whatever we may think of the application) is of the utmost weight and moment; and since, on which ever side the truth lies, it is impossible to make a fair decision without having the opposite side of the question clearly and fully stated to us. This Burke has done in a masterly manner. He presents to you one view or face of society. Let him, who thinks he can, give the reverse side with equal force, beauty, and clearness. It is said, I know, that truth is *one*; but to this I cannot subscribe, for it appears to me that truth is *many*. There are as many truths as there are things and causes of action, and contradictory principles at work in society. In making up the account of good and evil, indeed, the final result must be one way or the other; but the particulars on which that result depends are infinite and various.

It will be seen from what I have said, that I am very far from agreeing with those who think that Burke was a man without understanding, and a merely florid writer. There are two causes which have given rise to this calumny; namely, that narrowness of mind which leads men to suppose that the truth lies entirely on the side of their own opinions, and that whatever does not make for them is absurd and irrational; secondly, a trick we have of confounding reason with judgment, and supposing that it is merely the province of the understanding to pronounce sentence, and not to give in evidence, or argue the case; in short, that is a pas-

sive, not an active faculty. Thus there are persons who never run into any extravagance, because they are so buttressed up with the opinions of others on all sides, that they cannot lean much to one side or the other; they are so little moved with any kind of reasoning, that they remain at an equal distance from every extreme, and are never very far from the truth, because the slowness of their faculties will not suffer them to make much progress in error. These are persons of great judgment. The scales of the mind are pretty sure to remain even when there is nothing in them. In this sense of the word, Burke must be allowed to have wanted judgment, by all those who think that he was wrong in his conclusion. This accusation of want of judgment, in fact, only means that you yourself are of a different opinion. But if, in arriving at one error, he discovered a hundred truths, I should consider myself a hundred times more indebted to him than if, stumbling on that which I consider as the right side of the question, he had committed a hundred absurdities in striving to establish his point. I speak of him now merely as an author, or as far as I and other readers are concerned with him; at the same time, I should not differ from any one who may be disposed to contend that the consequences of his writings, as instruments of political power, have been tremendous, fatal, such as no exertion of wit, or knowledge, or genius, can ever counteract or atone for.

Burke also gave a hold to his antagonist by mixing up sentiment and imagery with his reasoning; so that being unused to such a sight in the region of politics, they were deceived, and could not discern the fruit from the flowers. Gravity is the cloak of wisdom: and those who have nothing else, think it an insult to affect the one without the other, because it destroys the only foundation on which their pretensions are built. The easiest part of reason is dulness: the generality of the world are therefore concerned in discouraging any example of unnecessary brilliancy that might tend to show that the two things do not always go together. Burke in some measure dissolved the spell. It was discovered, that his gold was not the less valuable for being wrought into elegant shapes, and richly embossed with curious figures: that the solidity of a building is not destroyed by adding to it beauty and ornament; and that the strength of a man's understanding is not always to be estimated in exact proportion to his want of imagination. His understanding was not the less real, because it was not the only faculty he possessed. He justified the description of the poet,

“How charming is divine philosophy!

“Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

“But musical as is Apollo's lute!”

Those who object to this union of grace and beauty with reason, are in fact weak-sighted people, who cannot distinguish the noble and majestic form of Truth from that of her sister Folly, if they are dressed both alike ! But there is always a difference even in the adventitious ornaments they wear, which is sufficient to distinguish them.

Burke was so far from being a gaudy or flowery writer, that he was one of the *severest* writers we have. His words are the most like things ; his style is the most strictly suited to the subject. He unites every extreme and every variety of composition ; the lowest and the meanest words and descriptions with the highest. He exults in the display of power, in showing the extent, the force, and intensity of his ideas ; he is led on by the mere impulse and vehemence of his fancy, not by the affectation of dazzling his readers by gaudy conceits or pompous images. He was completely carried away by his subject. He had no other object but to produce the strongest impression on his reader, by giving the truest, the most characteristic, the fullest, and most forcible description of things, trusting to the power of his own mind to mould them into grace and beauty. He did not produce a splendid effect by setting fire to the light vapours that float in the regions of fancy, as the chemists make fine colours with phosphorus, but, by the eagerness of his blows, struck fire from the flint, and melted the hardest substances in the furnace of his imagination. The wheels of his imagination did not catch fire from the rottenness of the materials, but from the rapidity of their motion. One would suppose, to hear people talk of Burke, that his style was such as would have suited the *Lady's Magazine* ; soft, smooth, showy, tender, insipid, full of fine words without any meaning. The essence of the gaudy or glittering style consists in producing a momentary effect by fine words and images brought together, without order or connection. Burke most frequently produced an effect by the remoteness and novelty of his combinations, by the force of contrast, by the striking manner in which the most opposite and unpromising materials were harmoniously blended together ; not by laying his hands on all the fine things he could think of, but by bringing together those things which he knew would blaze out into glorious light by their collision. The florid style is a mixture of affectation and common-place. Burke's was a union of untameable vigour and originality.

Burke was not a verbose writer. If he sometimes multiplies words, it is not for want of ideas, but because there are no words that fully express his ideas, and he tries to do it as well as he can by different ones. He had nothing of the *set* or formal style, the measured cadence, and stately phraseology of Johnson, and most of our modern writers. This style, which is what we understand

by the *artificial*, is all in one key. It selects a certain set of words to represent all ideas whatever, as the most dignified and elegant, and excludes all others as low and vulgar. The words are not fitted to the things, but the things to the words. Every thing is seen through a false medium. It is putting a mask on the face of nature, which may indeed hide some specks and blemishes, but takes away all beauty, delicacy, and variety. It destroys all dignity or elevation, because nothing can be raised where all is on a level, and completely destroys all force, expression, truth, and character, by arbitrarily confounding the differences of things, and reducing every thing to the same insipid standard. To suppose that this stiff uniformity can add any thing to real grace or dignity, is like supposing that the human body, in order to be perfectly graceful, should never deviate from its upright posture. Another mischief of this method is, that it confounds all ranks in literature. Where there is no room for variety, no discrimination, no nicety to be shown in matching the idea with its proper word, there can be no room for taste or elegance. A man must easily learn the art of writing, when every sentence is to be cast in the same mould: where he is only allowed the use of one word, he cannot choose wrong, nor will he be in much danger of making himself ridiculous by affectation or false glitter, when, whatever subject he treats of, he must treat of it in the same way. This indeed is to wear golden chains for the sake of ornament.

Burke was altogether free from the pedantry which I have here endeavoured to expose. His style was as original, as expressive, as rich and varied, as it was possible; his combinations were as exquisite, as playful, as happy, as unexpected, as bold and daring, as his fancy. If any thing, he ran into the opposite extreme of too great an inequality, if truth and nature could ever be carried to an extreme.

Those who are best acquainted with the writings and speeches of Burke, will not think the praise I have here bestowed on them exaggerated. Some proof will be found of this in the following extracts. But the full proof must be sought in his works at large, and particularly in the *Thoughts on the Discontents*; in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*; in his *Letter to the Duke of Bedford*; and in the *Regicide Peace*. The two last of these are perhaps the most remarkable of all his writings, from the contrast they afford to each other. The one is the most delightful exhibition of wild and brilliant fancy, that is to be found in English prose, but it is too much like a beautiful picture painted upon gauze; it wants something to support it: the other is without ornament, but it has all the solidity, the weight, the gravity, of a judicial record. It seems to have been written with a certain constraint upon himself, and to show those who said he could not

reason, that his arguments might be stripped of their ornaments without losing any thing of their force. It is certainly, of all his works, that in which he has shown most power of logical deduction, and the only one in which he has made any important use of facts. In general, he certainly paid little attention to them; they were the playthings of his mind. He saw them as he pleased, not as they were; with the eye of the philosopher or the poet, regarding them only in their general principle, or as they might serve to decorate his subject. This is the natural consequence of much imagination; things that are probable are elevated into the rank of realities. To those who can reason on the essences of things, or who can invent according to nature, the experimental proof is of little value. This was the case with Burke. In the present instance, however, he seems to have *forced* his mind into the service of facts: and he succeeded completely. His comparison between our connexion with France or Algiers, and his account of the conduct of the war, are as clear, as convincing, as forcible examples of this kind of reasoning, as are any where to be met with. Indeed, I do not think there is any thing in Fox, (whose mind was purely historical,) or in Chatham, (who attended to feelings more than facts,) that will bear a comparison with them.

Burke has been compared to Cicero—I do not know for what reason. Their excellencies are as different, and indeed as opposite, as they well can be. Burke had not the polished elegance, the glossy neatness, the artful regularity, the exquisite modulation of Cicero: he had a thousand times more richness and originality of mind, more strength and pomp of diction.

It has been well observed, that the ancients had no word that properly expresses what we mean by the word Genius. They perhaps had not the thing. Their minds appear to have been too exact, too retentive, too minute and subtle, too sensible to the external differences of things, too passive under their impressions, to admit of those bold and rapid combinations, those lofty flights of fancy, which, glancing from heaven to earth, unite the most opposite extremes, and draw the happiest illustrations from things the most remote. Their ideas were kept too confined and distinct by the material form or vehicle in which they were conveyed, to unite cordially together, or be melted down in the imagination. Their metaphors are taken from things of the same class, not from things of different classes; the general analogy, not the individual feeling, directs them in their choice. Hence, as Dr Johnson observed, their figures are either repetitions of the same ideas, or so obvious and general as not to lend any additional force to it; as when a huntress is compared to Diana, or a warrior rushing into battle, to a lion rushing on his prey. Their *force* was exquisite art and perfect imitation. Witness their statues, and other things

of the same kind. But they had not that high and enthusiastic fancy which some of our own writers have shown. For the proof of this let any one compare Milton and Shakspeare with Homer and Sophocles, or Burke with Cicero.

It may be asked whether Burke was a poet. He was so only in the general vividness of his fancy, and in richness of invention. There may be poetical passages in his works, but I certainly think that his writings in general are quite distinct from poetry; and that for the reason before given, namely, that the subject matter of them is not poetical. The finest parts of them are illustrations or personifications of dry abstract ideas; and the union between the idea and the illustration is not of that perfect and pleasing kind as to constitute poetry, or indeed to be admissible, but for the effect intended to be produced by it; that is, by every means in our power to give an animation and attraction to subjects in themselves barren of ornament, but which, at the same time, are pregnant with the most important consequences, and in which the understanding and the passions are equally interested.

I have heard it remarked by a person, to whose opinion I would sooner submit than to a general council of critics, that the sound of Burke's prose is not musical; that it wants cadence; and that instead of being so lavish of his imagery as is generally supposed, he seemed to him to be rather parsimonious in the use of it, always expanding and making the most of his ideas. This may be true if we compare him with some of our poets, or perhaps with some of our early prose writers, but not if we compare him with any of our political writers, or parliamentary speakers. There are some very fine things of Lord Bolingbroke's on the same subjects, but not equal to Burke's. As for Junius, he is at the head of his class; but that class is not the highest. He has been said to have more dignity than Burke. Yes, if the stalk of a giant is less dignified than the strut of a petit-maitre. I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of Junius, but grandeur is not the character of his composition; and if it is not to be found in Burke, it is to be found nowhere.

MR. GRATTAN.

I do not, I confess, like his style, though it is what many people call eloquent. There is a certain spirit and animation in it, but it is over-run with affectation. It is at the same time mechanical, uncouth, and extravagant. It is like a piece of Gothic architecture, full of quaintness and formality. It is "all horrid" with climax, and alliteration, and epithet, and personification. "From

injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty : precedent and principle, the Irish volunteers, and the Irish parliament." I am not fond of these double facings, and splicings, and clenches, in style. They too much resemble a garden laid out according to Pope's description,

"Where each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other."

MR. CANNING.

THIS gentleman writes verses better than he makes speeches. If he had as much understanding as he has wit, he would be a great man ; but that is not the case. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. However, there is a degree of elegance and brilliancy, and a certain ambitious tip-toe elevation in his speeches. But they want manliness, force, and dignity. His eloquence is something like a bright, sharp-pointed sword, which, owing to its not being made of very stout metal, bends and gives way, and seems ready to snap asunder at every stroke ; and he is perpetually in danger of having it wrested out of his hands.

Street Conversation.

THERE is a set of persons for whose colloquial comforts we have always felt a more than ordinary solicitude, and for whom we cannot but be in pain just now, especially as during the late bustle of events they appear to have been put into a vivacious condition, quite unknown to them previously, and the stimulus of which they must very sensibly miss. We allude to those, who, from being a good deal out of doors, are in the habit of meeting their friends in the street, and of being obliged to stop and *say something*. These gentlemen, from the burning of Moscow, down to the entry of the Allied Monarchs into Paris, were observed to have been gifted with a very unusual spirit of interlocution. They met not, as heretofore, with a sort of unnatural look between ardour and despondency, and an attitude prepared to take advantage of the first moment of escape. They recognised each other with eagerness, as persons who had probably heard the first news—shook hands with cordiality, as if they had not seen each other for forty-eight hours—and proceeded to breathless inquiries respecting the news—Well, what's the latest?—who beats? where is Bonaparte now? In vain they had sisters, mothers, and wives, to ask after ; in vain

there might be a cough on one side, and an inquisitive megrim on the other: in vain (almost) the east wind came piping through the shrugging collars of their coats, for days together:—the wind was put aside like an impertinent fellow—the disease was surmounted for the time being—Mrs. and the Miss Wilkins were exploded.

The world, however, now having resumed in some degree its old modes of proceeding, and news coming only in a quiet way as formerly, the chance-meeters are again at a loss. It is scarcely necessary to repeat a catechism so well known, but as we do not remember to have seen it transcribed, and malicious foreigners have a trick of misrepresenting the commonest habits, we shall record it here to prevent mistakes.

Adams and Brooks.

A. (Advancing as if he could not help it.) How d'ye do, Brooks?

B. Very well, thank'ee; how do *you* do?

A. Very well, thank'ee; Mrs. Brooks well?

B. Very well, I'm much obliged t'ye. Mrs. Adams and the children well, I hope?

A. Quite well, thank'ee.

(Here Brooks, having to speak next, gives his neckcloth a twist, and looks about a little.)

B. Rather pleasant weather to-day.

A. Yes, but it was cold in the morning.

B. Yes, but that we must expect at this time o' year.

(Another brief pause—neckcloth twisted and switch twirled.)

A. Seen Smith lately?

B. No, I can't say I have. (This *can't say* is a very characteristic phrase in English discourse, implying that the speaker prefers truth even to the comfort of having an answer to give, and that he wishes to heaven he *could* say it. Brooks luckily recollects, that if he has not seen Smith, he has seen Thompson.) Brooks, in continuation—But I have seen Thompson.

A. Indeed!—and how is he?

B. Very well, thank'ee.

A. I am glad of it. Well—good morning.

B. *Good morning.*

Yet, perhaps, these very English encounterers, who have nothing to say in the street, would bring up infinite subject of discourse when they found themselves pleasantly, and for some time together. At all events, if their metropolis could be taken as Paris was, they would not look upon it as any proof of their fund of thinking to criticise the entry of their conquerors as a spectacle, and to be all wondering how a lady from abroad should wear a little bonnet instead of a large one.

POETRY.

(For the *Analectic Magazine*.)

BALLAD.

THE breath of spring, to meet
In the morning air, is sweet,
And woman's love is sweeter than roses in May ;
But the breath of spring is fleet,
Like the roses round her feet,
And love, like the season, soon passeth away.

The summer sun is bright,
The swallow's wing is light ;
And woman's love is warm as a fine summer's day ;
But the sun will set in night,
And the swallow wing its flight,
And love, like the summer, soon passeth away.

The autumn leaf is frail,
The moon at eve is pale,
And woman's love is soft as her silvery ray ;
But the leaf flies on the gale,
And the silver moon will fail,
And love, like the autumn, soon passeth away.

The winter air is chill,
The frozen stream is still,
And death is yet colder and stiller than they ;
But life's expiring thrill
Relieveth every ill ;
And death, like the winter, soon passeth away.

TO ———, SINGING,

(From the French.)

SWEETLY you breathe the melting lay,
And Oh ! how happy should I be,
If I might to your lip repay
The pleasure it has given me !

TRANQUILLITY.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

TRANQUILLITY ! thou better name
 Than all the family of Fame,
 Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
 To low intrigue or factious rage.
 For, oh ! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
 To thee I gave my earliest youth,
 And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,
 Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with its roar,

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
 On him, but seldom, power divine,
 Thy spirit rests—Satiety
 And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
 Mock the tir'd worldling. Idle Hope,
 And dire Remembrance interlope,
 And vex the fev'rish slumbers of the mind—
 The bubble floats before—the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead .
 At morning, through the accustomed mead,
 And in the summer's sultry heat,
 Will build me up a mossy seat ;
 And when the gust of autumn crowds
 And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
 Thou best the thoughts canst raise—the heart attune,
 Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart—the searching soul,
 To thee I dedicate the whole ;
 And while within myself I trace
 The greatness of some future race ;
 Aloof with hermit eye I scan
 The present works of present man.
 A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
 Too foolish for a tear—too wicked for a smile.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Fine Arts. Among the most munificent instances of public patronage which the fine arts have hitherto received in this country, must be numbered the establishment of the gallery of portraits of public men, which has, within a few years, been formed by the corporation of the city of New-York. This originally consisted of Trumbull's original large pictures of Washington and Hamilton, and of his series of the governors of the state of New-York, in full length, and of the mayors of the city since 1781, in half length portraits. During the late war, it is well known, the corporation have, from time to time, voted that portraits of several of our most distinguished military and naval men should be added to this collection. Several of these are already painted, and others are now in hand; among these are large full lengths of Commodores Hull, Bainbridge, Perry, Macdonough, and of General Brown, by Jarvis, of General Macomb, by Waldo, and of Decatur, by Sully. The full length public or historical portrait, aspiring to rise above the dull common-place of the family portrait, forms an interesting link between mere portraiture and historical painting. Our artists have already attained to great excellence in portrait and miniature; and it is with pleasure and pride that we now behold an opportunity offered them of aiming a higher and bolder flight; of rising from the cold delineation of individual nature, to the dignity and invention of the higher branches of the art, and aspiring to that nobleness of conception which, says Reynolds, goes beyond any thing in the mere exhibition even of perfect form—to the art of animating and dignifying their figures, and impressing them with the appearance of intellectual energy.

Boston edition of the Latin Classics. Wells & Lilly, of Boston, have commenced their proposed series of the *Scriptores Romani*, by publishing five volumes of Ernesti's Cicero. The choice of Ernesti's edition was judicious; it is not overloaded with annotations; its notes and prefaces contain almost every thing of value relative to the history and criticism of the text of Cicero; and the *clavis* affords, in a condensed form, the substance of the most important preceding commentators and scholiasts; so that Ernesti has richly merited the high praise bestowed on him by Gibbon, when, in enumerating the various editions of Cicero, he speaks of "that of Olivet, which should adorn the libraries of the rich—that of Ernesti, which should lie on the tables of the learned." This American edition is elegantly, and, as far as we have examined, very correctly printed, in duodecimo volumes of three hundred pages each, on a good paper, the firmness and whiteness of which form an advantageous contrast with the miserable, flimsy, brown paper of the original German edition. These five volumes contain about one and a half of the German octavos, so that the whole will probably amount to eighteen or twenty volumes.

Should this undertaking receive the patronage which it merits, it is intended to continue the series of the Latin classics in the same form, selecting the editions of the greatest authority, but generally omitting all commentary, except where the uncommon merit of any particular editor entitles his work to exemption from the general rule. The Horace of Baxter, Gesner, and Zeunius, is mentioned by the publishers as one of these exceptions. We hope that Heyne's Virgil may also be added to the series, in spite of the too ponderous mass of commentary which the Gottingen professor has laid at the feet of his bard. Perhaps we might also recommend the Lucretius of Gilbert Wakefield, a critic beyond all others bold and original in conjecture, and subtle and paradoxical in interpretation. But all this must, no doubt, depend upon the patronage bestowed upon the earlier volumes of the series; and surely it is an undertaking to which every well-wisher to the literature of our country must desire success. A complete edition of the Latin classics, corresponding to this specimen, would form the most elegant and commodious complete series ever published in any country.

The Bipont Greek classics are, indeed, beautiful; but the typography of their Latin is often slovenly, and the paper bad. The editions of Foulis are very neat, but not so handsome as this, and are altogether without notes, or other *subsidia*; while the Variorum, on the other hand, are perfectly overwhelmed with the heavy weight of dull commentators—Gronovius upon Vossius, and Burman upon Gronovius. The series of the Barbou classics is not unlike this; but it is exceedingly unequal, the Tacitus, and some others, being admirable, the rest very inferior.

Surely it would be no inconsiderable proof that classical taste and learning are cherished among us, if, in so important and honourable an undertaking, our printers should not merely rival, but even far excel those of Strasbourg, of Amsterdam, of Paris, and of Glasgow; and to enable them to do this, nothing is wanting but a liberal share of public patronage.

John Low, of New-York, will soon publish "*A History of the late War between the United States and Great Britain*," in 1 vol. 12mo.

Samuel R. Brown, of Cayuga, New-York, is preparing for the press, "*An Impartial History of the late War*," in 2 vols. 12mo.

The Editors of the Kentucky Palladium are making arrangements for publishing, "*A Complete History of the late War in the Western Country*."

Conrad & Co., Philadelphia, have in preparation for the press, "*A History of the late War*;" it will be printed in 4 vols. 8vo. ornamented with portraits, and with plans of the battles, and maps of the several seats of war.

Andrew Beers, of Danbury, is preparing for publication, a Gazetteer of Connecticut, on the plan of Spafford's Gazetteer of New-York.

C. Hosmer, of Hartford, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription a new statistical work by the Hon. Timothy Pitkin, a representative in congress from the state of Connecticut. It is entitled "*A Statistical view of the Commerce of the United States; its connexion with Agriculture and Manufactures, and an Account of the Public Debt, Revenues, and Tonnage of the United States; with a brief View of the Trade, Agriculture, and Manufactures of the Colonies, previous to their Independence. With numerous tables.*" It will be printed in one 8vo. volume of about 450 pages.

Dr. Cortilli, of New-York, has announced that he has ready for publication "*A Practical and Theoretical Essay on Fevers.*" It will form an 8vo. volume of 400 pages.

A society has recently been formed in Boston, bearing the name of the *Linnaean Society of New-England*. Its principal object is to collect and arrange a Systematic Museum of Natural History, and especially of the natural productions of our own country. For this laudable purpose they request the contributions and assistance of every lover and student of natural knowledge.

Proposals have been issued in Albany for publishing a new monthly miscellany, entitled the "*Friend*," to contain original and select essays, biographical and historical sketches, reviews, &c. each number to consist of 24 pages, 8vo.

Wells & Lilly, Boston, have lately published an edition of *Alison's Sermons*, of which a review was published in our January number. It is a handsome, well-printed volume.

E. Earle, of Philadelphia, has just published a handsome pocket edition of *Campbell's Poetical Works*. This very neat edition, beside some beautiful little poems by Campbell, which have been published in various forms, but never before collected and added to his other works, contains the biographical sketch of his life and literary character, which appeared in the March number of this Magazine.

We perceive with pleasure this new indication of Campbell's increasing popularity on this side the Atlantic. His writings are alike friendly to good morals and to good taste. He is, in our mind, the first of the poets of our own age—an age fertile, beyond example, in true poetry; though his beauties, especially in his later pieces, are not broad and glaring, but addressed chiefly to refined feeling, and cultivated taste. He has yet higher claims to honour. He has uniformly consecrated his fine talents to the interests of morals, of humanity and of freedom; he has never polluted with impurity the sacred fount of poetry, or poisoned it with false philosophy or false morality.

Now in the press of Van Winkle & Wiley, New-York, "*A Digest of the Cases decided in the Courts of the State of New-York from 1792, to October Term, 1812,*" by William Johnson, Esq. in one vol. 8vo.

Should this undertaking receive the patronage which it merits, it is intended to continue the series of the Latin classics in the same form, selecting the editions of the greatest authority, but generally omitting all commentary, except where the uncommon merit of any particular editor entitles his work to exemption from the general rule. The Horace of Baxter, Gesner, and Zeunius, is mentioned by the publishers as one of these exceptions. We hope that Heyne's Virgil may also be added to the series, in spite of the too ponderous mass of commentary which the Gottingen professor has laid at the feet of his bard. Perhaps we might also recommend the Lucretius of Gilbert Wakefield, a critic beyond all others bold and original in conjecture, and subtle and paradoxical in interpretation. But all this must, no doubt, depend upon the patronage bestowed upon the earlier volumes of the series; and surely it is an undertaking to which every well-wisher to the literature of our country must desire success. A complete edition of the Latin classics, corresponding to this specimen, would form the most elegant and commodious complete series ever published in any country.

The Bipont Greek classics are, indeed, beautiful; but the typography of their Latin is often slovenly, and the paper bad. The editions of Foulis are very neat, but not so handsome as this, and are altogether without notes, or other *subsidia*; while the Variorum, on the other hand, are perfectly overwhelmed with the heavy weight of dull commentators—Gronovius upon Vossius, and Burman upon Gronovius. The series of the Barbou classics is not unlike this; but it is exceedingly unequal, the Tacitus, and some others, being admirable, the rest very inferior.

Surely it would be no inconsiderable proof that classical taste and learning are cherished among us, if, in so important and honourable an undertaking, our printers should not merely rival, but even far excel those of Strasbourg, of Amsterdam, of Paris, and of Glasgow; and to enable them to do this, nothing is wanting but a liberal share of public patronage.

John Low, of New-York, will soon publish "*A History of the late War between the United States and Great Britain*," in 1 vol. 12mo.

Samuel R. Brown, of Cayuga, New-York, is preparing for the press, "*An Impartial History of the late War*," in 2 vols. 12mo.

The Editors of the Kentucky Palladium are making arrangements for publishing, "*A Complete History of the late War in the Western Country*."

Conrad & Co., Philadelphia, have in preparation for the press, "*A History of the late War*;" it will be printed in 4 vols. 8vo. ornamented with portraits, and with plans of the battles, and maps of the several seats of war.

Andrew Beers, of Danbury, is preparing for publication, a Gazetteer of Connecticut, on the plan of Spafford's Gazetteer of New-York.

C. Hosmer, of Hartford, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription a new statistical work by the Hon. Timothy Pitkin, a representative in congress from the state of Connecticut. It is entitled "*A Statistical view of the Commerce of the United States; its connexion with Agriculture and Manufactures, and an Account of the Public Debt, Revenues, and Tonnage of the United States; with a brief View of the Trade, Agriculture, and Manufactures of the Colonies, previous to their Independence. With numerous tables.*" It will be printed in one 8vo. volume of about 450 pages.

Dr. Cortilli, of New-York, has announced that he has ready for publication "*A Practical and Theoretical Essay on Fevers.*" It will form an 8vo. volume of 400 pages.

A society has recently been formed in Boston, bearing the name of the *Linnean Society of New-England*. Its principal object is to collect and arrange a Systematic Museum of Natural History, and especially of the natural productions of our own country. For this laudable purpose they request the contributions and assistance of every lover and student of natural knowledge.

Proposals have been issued in Albany for publishing a new monthly miscellany, entitled the "*Friend*," to contain original and select essays, biographical and historical sketches, reviews, &c. each number to consist of 24 pages, 8vo.

Wells & Lilly, Boston, have lately published an edition of *Alison's Sermons*, of which a review was published in our January number. It is a handsome, well-printed volume.

E. Earle, of Philadelphia, has just published a handsome pocket edition of *Campbell's Poetical Works*. This very neat edition, beside some beautiful little poems by Campbell, which have been published in various forms, but never before collected and added to his other works, contains the biographical sketch of his life and literary character, which appeared in the March number of this Magazine.

We perceive with pleasure this new indication of Campbell's increasing popularity on this side the Atlantic. His writings are alike friendly to good morals and to good taste. He is, in our mind, the first of the poets of our own age—an age fertile, beyond example, in true poetry; though his beauties, especially in his later pieces, are not broad and glaring, but addressed chiefly to refined feeling, and cultivated taste. He has yet higher claims to honour. He has uniformly consecrated his fine talents to the interests of morals, of humanity and of freedom; he has never polluted with impurity the sacred fount of poetry, or poisoned it with false philosophy or false morality.

Now in the press of Van Winkle & Wiley, New-York, "*A Digest of the Cases decided in the Courts of the State of New-York from 1793, to October Term, 1812,*" by William Johnson, Esq. in one vol. 8vo.

Also preparing for the press "*Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Court of Chancery of the State of New-York.*" Vol. 1st. by William Johnson, Esq. These Reports commence with the first decisions of Chancellor Kent, in that court, in March, 1814.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Germany has lately furnished a work on a subject hitherto equally perplexing, but not the less interesting to the learned and the ignorant. It is *A Treatise on Spontaneous Combustion*, by Dr. Kopp. Various instances have been mentioned, in which the entire body of a living man has been reduced to ashes, without having undergone the action of external fire. The hands and feet are usually the only parts which have escaped the general conflagration. It is remarkable, that of *seventeen* known cases of this extraordinary kind of death, not more than *one* man is known to *sixteen* women. A poet of Suabia has hence taken occasion to infer, that the fair sex is *sixteen* times more inflammable than their humble admirers. But poets have a privilege, of which it would be cruel to deprive them, and probably this disciple of Minerva was not aware that these fair damsels were arrived at an age when the escape of some part, of constitutional combustion, might fairly be presumed—*viz.* from 50 to 80 years of age. This argument is strengthened by reports that the said escape was compensated by a most ardent passion for the most ardent spirits—usually of that description known to the gods, under the name of *Aqua Vitæ*—its name among mortals has never been revealed by the classics.

Hitherto the cause of spontaneous inflammation has been referred to a superabundance of spirituous and ethereal particles diffused throughout the person, to which *external* fire has approached within striking distance, or immediate contact, whether by accident or inadvertency. Dr. Kopp, however, finds the cause of conflagration in *electricity* alone, principally in a time of dry weather, when the atmosphere is cool and serene. He asserts, that contact with certain animals which are themselves electric, such as the cat, the eel, the electrical eel, &c. is dangerous in the highest degree for—professed drunkards: he quotes terrible examples in proof of this.

Among other most marvellous instances, he says, An ancient governante, sitting on a bench in a garden, was amusing herself with stroking her cat, of which she was excessively fond, when suddenly a long blue flame issued from her mouth, the cat jumped away from her, and half an hour afterwards, the only remains to be found on the bench were a quantity of ashes. Alas! she had her failing;—but, peace to her manes! Nothing inferior in renown for her love of inspiriting beverages was a woman cook, who was one day preparing eels for dinner; when her mistress sent for her to receive fresh orders, she could not be found; neither in the house nor out of the house—neither far nor near:—*electricity*—not *per se*, but in combination with brandy—had consumed her!!

THE NAVY.

Proceedings of a Court of Inquiry held to investigate the Causes of the loss of the Frigate President. 8vo. p. 52. New-York. Van Winkle and Wiley.

Though this pamphlet does not fall within the usual limits of criticism, yet, as it relates to a subject, upon which public feeling has been strongly and generally excited; and in which the character of our navy, and its officers, is deeply concerned, we cannot refrain from briefly noticing it. We feel it, too, to be a duty which we owe to the reputation of a brave and honourable man, to contribute in giving publicity to this judicial statement of his conduct; a statement by which the misrepresentations of the enemy are corrected, and the vague whispers of private malignity triumphantly refuted. In the course of this investigation, before a most respectable court, and conducted by a judge advocate of high legal reputation and ability, all the surviving officers of the *President* were examined; many of them generally known in the community as gentlemen of unimpeached honour and veracity, of intelligence, information, and high promise. Their evidence corroborates, in the strongest manner, the official statement of Commodore Decatur. It fully appears, that the *President*, on her leaving the port of New-York, struck upon the bar, where she received injuries by which her sailing was greatly impeded, and the effect was afterwards very visible on her arrival at Bermuda, where it was observed that she was much hogged and twisted. That in consequence of this accident, in spite of the skill and resources displayed by her commander, and the seamanship of her crew, she was at last come up with by the leading ship of the British squadron, the *Endymion*, a frigate of equal force with herself. That after a short action, within musket shot, the *Endymion* edged off, and hauled up for her companions, and her fire continued to slacken, at length firing only one or two guns every minute or two, and finally ceasing altogether. The other ships now coming up, the *President* left her; the *President* being then in perfect condition to make battle, whilst the *Endymion* was neither in a situation to pursue, or to manœuvre in action; and when the *President* hauled up, and presented her stern to the *Endymion*'s broadside, she did not fire a gun. That between two and three hours after, the *Endymion* being then seven miles astern, after receiving several broadsides from the *Pomone*, Commodore Decatur struck to the *Pomone* and *Tenedos* frigates, and the *Majestic* razee, the two former being close up with the *President*, within musket shot, and the other within gun-shot. In the whole body of testimony, there is scarce a shade of variance, except in that of the sailing master, and this goes to little more than mere matter of opinion on the propriety of the course of measures pursued in attempting to escape.

In short, it is impossible for any reader, however inexpert he may be in naval affairs, not to anticipate in his own judgment the opinion so strongly expressed by the court, "that if victory had met with its

common reward, the *Endymion's* name would have been added to our list of naval conquests; and in this unequal contest, if the enemy gained a ship, the victory was ours. That Commodore Decatur, as well during the chase, as through the contest, evinced great judgment and skill, perfect coolness, the most determined resolution and heroic courage; and that his conduct, and that of his officers and men, is highly honourable to the navy, and deserves the warmest gratitude of their country."

There is one circumstance so characteristic of the commodore, and so honourable to his crew, that it must not be omitted; and it cannot be better narrated than in the words of the court: "We think it due to Commodore Decatur, and his heroic officers and crew, to notice the proposition he made to board the *Endymion*, when he found she was coming up, (for the purpose of availing himself of her superior sailing to escape with his crew,) and the manner in which this proposition was received by his gallant crew. Such a design could only have been conceived by a soul without fear, and approved, with enthusiastic cheerings, by men regardless of danger."

The directness, the general intelligence, and the perfect coincidence of the evidence, as to every material point, is such as to leave the mind without the slightest shade of doubt as to the truth of their testimony—a conclusion which we think is, if possible, rendered more certain, by the evident reluctance, and personal hostility, of one of the witnesses.

The present publication is nothing more than a report of the proceedings of the court, together with the approbation of the Secretary of the Navy, &c. It certainly contains evidence enough, and more than enough, to justify the sentiments and opinions expressed by the court; if, however, more were wanted, it may be found in the account of the action drawn up and published at Bermuda, by the officers of the *Pomone*, which will be found to agree, in most particulars, with the statement of our officers. It differs only in representing the *President* as having struck to the *Pomone* alone, after the action with the *Endymion*, while the *Tenedos* was three miles astern; and this is a circumstance about which (as it was night, and in a moment of anxiety and confusion) fair and credible witnesses might easily differ. In fact, there can be no doubt on the subject: the *President* was taken by the British squadron, and not by the *Endymion*.

A Court of Inquiry has lately been held at New-York to investigate the conduct of Captain Elliot, in the battle on Lake Erie. It was called at the request of that officer himself, in consequence of some misrepresentations of his conduct in that action, contained in the proceedings of the British court-martial for the trial of Captain Barclay.

The opinion pronounced by the court is highly honourable to Captain Elliot.

We understand that the proceedings of this court will shortly be published.